

27 JANUARY 1965 2s.6d.

tatler

& BYSTANDER



ski summit
and slopes





DONALD WATSON

Shell Guide to Bird Sanctuaries: Caerlaverock



The National Nature Reserve at Caerlaverock in Dumfriesshire has 13,514 acres, of which about 1,500 consist of the typical Lowland form of salt marsh known as Merse. Its bird heroes are wintering geese: flocks of pinkfeet from Iceland; barnacle geese from Spitsbergen; grey lags from Iceland and from Scotland itself.

Under a carefully controlled permit system, the central Merse is shot over by wildfowlers. The shooting area is surrounded by a no-shooting zone: the eastern Merse is a Wildfowl Refuge, to which access is prohibited to *anybody* without a permit from the Nature Conservancy. This does not mean Caerlaverock is a 'hands-off' place for bird lovers: the seven miles of B 725 from the mouth of the Nith to the mouth of the Lochar Water have viewpoints and lay-bys from which you can see many winter birds. Only off or beyond the public roads will you be trespassing. Donald Watson's picture was painted from one of these roads. In the distance is the snow-sprinkled summit of that greatest of all Solway landmarks, Criffell. A pack of knot from their arctic breeding grounds wheels over the Merse. Pinkfeet fly

in to join those already grazing. The five swans are whoopers, probably from Iceland. On the field post sits a merlin, bold, fast little falcon of the Scottish moors. Peregrines, now all too rare, may winter here (see Eric Ennion's pictures which also show pinkfoot and bean goose). Between us and the watcher's tower is a fair sample of one of the biggest herds of wintering barnacle geese in the world. Thanks to protection they now number over 2,000 at winter's peak.

Chief Warden E. L. Roberts lives at Tadorna on Hollands Farm Road and at his discretion he may issue permits to enter the eastern Wildfowl Refuge. The heart of Caerlaverock is roughly 8 miles ESE of Dumfries, 7 miles W of Cummertrees, on B 725 (and part of B 724). Duffle coats, sandwiches, hot coffee, telescopes or powerful binoculars recommended.

JAMES FISHER

Some advice from Peter Scott: not all Britain's bird sanctuaries are open throughout the year. To avoid disappointment and help the sanctuary managers, please write ahead for permits, keep to trail regulations and drills, and read the COUNTRY CODE (6d. from H.M.S.O.).

Wherever you go . . . you can be sure of



SUPPLEMENT TO TATLER

27 January 1965 2s 6d weekly

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EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER

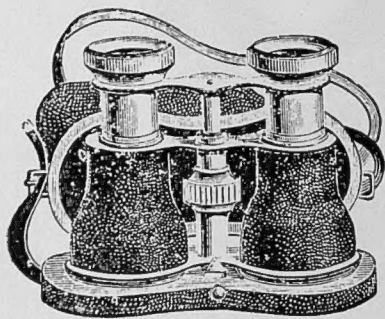


When it's a question of acquiring skill in most branches of human endeavour it pays to begin when young. The maxim is nowhere more true than on the snow slopes and the young lady on the cover, the Hon. Laura Aitken, 11-year-old daughter of Sir Max and Lady Aitken, made her own debut there some time ago. The results, according to her instructors, are already impressive. But where do the instructors keep up to the mark, and who puts them through their paces. The answer is to be found on page 159 in *The Teachers Taught*, a report by Sylvie Nickels on a ski concours d'élégance at Arosa. More ski pictures too on page 151 from Desmond O'Neill covering the winter sports scene at Wengen. Clothes and equipment on the cover from Harrods. Photograph by Michael Cooper

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GOING



PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Conservative Party Winter Ball, the Dorchester, 10 February. (Tickets, £3 3s. from Mrs. Maurice Macmillan, 8 Hurlingham Court, S.W.6. REN 4782.)

Royal Ocean Racing Club Ball, Hyde Park Hotel, 10 February. (HYD 5252.)

Ladybird Ball, Savoy, in aid of the Pestalozzi Village, 17 February. (Tickets, £3 3s., from the Organizer, 29 Lissenden Mansions, Lissenden Gardens, N.W.5. GUL 4352.)

Hunt Balls: Hampshire, Guildhall, Winchester, 29 January. **Royal Agricultural College Beagles**, Bingham Hall, Cirencester; **N. Warwicks**, Welcombe Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon, 5 February. **Vine**, Corn Exchange, Newbury, 26 February. **Point-to-point: United Services**, Larkhill, Salisbury Plain, 20 February.

SHOW

Cruft's Dog Show, Olympia, 5, 6 February.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Rigoletto*, 28 January (last perf.), 7.30 p.m.; *Arabella*, 29 January, 1, 3, 6 February, 7 p.m.; *Madama Butterfly*, 2 February (last perf.) 7.30 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall, L.S.O., cond. Davis, 8 p.m., 1 February; L.P.O., cond. Boulton, 8 p.m., 2 February; New Philharmonia, cond. Klemperer, 8 p.m., 3 February; L.S.O., cond. Hurst, 8 p.m., 4 February; Bach Choir (Vaughan Williams programme), 8 p.m., 5 February; B.B.C. Light Music programme, 7.30 p.m., 6 February. Dietrich Fischer Dieskau sings Brahms' *Die Schön Magelone*, 8 p.m., 8 February. (WAT 3191.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *A Masked Ball*, tonight and 30 January, 2, 5, 9 February; *Flying Dutchman* (last perf.), 29 January; *La Belle Hélène*, 3 February; *Carmen*, 4 February; *Faust*, 6 February. 7.30 p.m., (TER 1672/3.)

St. Mary-le-Bow, Serenade Concert, Philomusica of London, 5.55 p.m., 3 February.

Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High Street. English Chamber Orchestra, cond. Leppard, 7.30 p.m., tonight & 3 February.

Wigmore Hall. Allegri String Quartet and Wardour Ensemble 7.30 p.m., 29 January; London Recital Group, cond. Sinton, with the Basil Lam Ensemble, 7.30 p.m., 2 February. (WEL 8418.)

Lunchtime Concert, Wigmore Hall. Marlene Fleet (piano). 1.5 p.m., 28 January. (Adm. 2s. 6d., Students 1s.)

ART

Tate Gallery. The Peggy Guggenheim Collection, to 7 March.



Doreen Wells and Richard Farley in the title roles of John Cranko's early ballet *Beauty and the Beast*, music by Ravel, to be televised by BBC 2 tonight. It is directed and adapted by Peter Wright.

Royal Academy Winter Exhibition, Burlington House. Paintings from the Paul Mellon Collection, to 28 February.

"European Community" (Marzotto Prize Exhibition), Whitechapel Gallery, to 14 February.

Frank Hodgkinson, paintings & collages, Hamilton Galleries, to 6 February.

Indian Painting Now, Commonwealth Institute (See Galleries, p. 182), to 7 February.

Zsuzsi Roboz, Windmill Theatre drawings, Upper Grosvenor Gallery, to 9 February.

John Lessore, paintings,

Beaux Arts Gallery (last exhibition), to 19 February.

Modern French Paintings, Madden Galleries, 69 Blandford St., W.1, to 31 January; **Vasconcelos**, Del Rio, 2-20 February.

Bernard Dunstan, paintings; **Alfred Dehodencq**, drawings; **Paul Huet**, watercolours; **Roland, Browse & Delbar**, Cork St., to 6 February.

FIRST NIGHT

Globe: *Divorce Me, Darling*, 28 January.

Aldwych. *Expeditions II*, 28 February.

BRIGGS by Graham



GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. Closed Sundays

W.B. Wise to book a table

Copper Grill, 60 Wigmore Street, behind the Boulevard Café. Luncheon. (WEL 9803.) C.S. This is a restaurant to go to when you are really hungry, and thus enjoy the 27s. 6d. luncheon that has a wide choice in each of its three courses.

I had first a well-made prawn cocktail, then a large and quite good rump steak with vegetables and excellent fried potatoes, followed by a really fresh fruit salad with cream—the bowls being left on the table to help oneself. I could also have had something from the wide choice on an attractive cheese board. The coffee was quite good, and the lager properly cold. There is a useful wine list. Service is with a friendly smile, and notably expeditious. The atmosphere of this small restaurant is pleasant, the panelled walls and polished furniture setting off a wealth of polished copper. Skilful use is made of the arches under the pavement, and unlike a number of below-ground-level restaurants that I could name, there are no cooking smells. W.B.

The Carving Room, Strand Corner House. For the sum of 16s. I had a well-made prawn cocktail, as much roast beef as I wanted, carving for myself, with a choice of peas, young carrots, and beans, all properly cooked, roast potatoes, York-

shire pudding, and horse-radish sauce, finishing with two cups of excellent coffee and cream. I could have had a sweet or cheese instead, and a second helping of meat if I had wanted it. There was also, as an alternative, hot roast pork, or roast lamb, and a fine cold table with an appetizing array of salads. With the meal went swift and smiling service. You cannot book tables, so it is wise to get there early.

Shropshire stop

Christmas took us to **The Feathers** at Ludlow. We came out of a cold foggy night to a friendly welcome, blazing fires and an ample tea served in a room of outstanding beauty. We moved on to a newly decorated bedroom and boiling hot water in the private bathroom. The Feathers has been a licensed house since 1600—it was a private house before that—and held one of the first eight licences in all England. Its beauty, inside and out, must be recorded in travellers' films and albums the world over; but quite apart from that it is a well-run inn. And Ludlow remains one of England's loveliest small towns, where the hand of the despoiler has not been allowed to fall, and where the individual private trader still lives over the shop. And do not leave the town without sampling its home-made sausages and pork pies.

For ten, read three

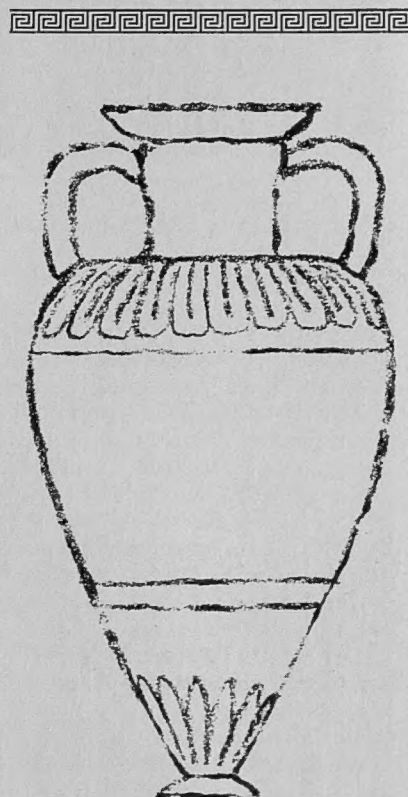
The Automobile Association, The Royal Automobile Club, and the Royal Scottish Automobile Club have re-graded the hotels that hold their five star appointment. As a result the former Top Ten have now become the Top Three. This follows a five-month survey in which five of the ten have been down-graded to four star classification and two have lost their stars altogether. The three hotels now with five stars are the Imperial at Torquay, the Carlton at Bournemouth, and Gleneagles Hotel.

Wine note: Another new rosé

These wines continue to grow in popularity, and the latest new arrival is from Portugal. It is the Barros Douro Rosé, estate bottled in attractive flasks. I found it a pleasant wine with a natural sparkle, and it looks pretty in good glasses. It went well with both fish and veal. It is shipped by Winefare of Purley Avenue, London, N.W.2, and its retail price is 14s. 6d. per bottle and 7s. 9d. for half-bottles.

... and a reminder

Ristorante Campana, 13 Marylebone High Street, W.1. (WEL 5307.) *The sort of Italian restaurant that you want to go back to again.*



GOING GREEK!

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This is just the place to bring visitors who want to see somewhere different (easy for you to get to with ample parking space). Our Greek group sets the pace for dancing. We're open 7 p.m. to midnight—"Never on Sunday".



Prince William of Gloucester has begun work in the City, with Lazards, the merchant bankers. On his first day, the Prince (centre) was shown the local haunts by his colleagues and joined them for lunch at the Stock Exchange grill

Doone Beal / Roman springs

GOING PLACES

Why is it that Rome, perhaps one of the easiest capitals to enjoy, is one of the hardest to know? Because, paradoxically, so much of it is familiar? To sightseers, the Colosseum is Rome's rock and symbol; to motorists, it is a gigantic roundabout. The huge white monument to Vittorio Emanuele (known as the Wedding Cake) rears its white marble steps and its prancing bronze horses from every vantage point. To one side is the Campidoglio, crowned by the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, in a glorious piazza designed by Michelangelo. Just below that is the Forum. One of my homing beacons is the obelisk on top of the Spanish Steps, which guides me back to something I know when I have wandered down below the shops of Via Condotti towards the Tiber banks.

An enchantment of Rome is its surprises: a baroque statue framed in a doorway, a leafy patio, a bright little market; the aquatic plumes of a fountain—the Trevi itself appears, unexpectedly, when you have given up trying to find it by map. One frustration to knowing the city is the apparent lack of relationship between its great sites. Athens, for example, and Vienna, are all of a piece. But not Rome. Layer upon layer has piled and crumbled

and piled up again, in marble and red brick, melon coloured stone and mosses: ancient Rome, Papal Rome and Garibaldi's neo-classic Rome. The Church of Santa Maria dei Angeli was designed and built by Michelangelo upon the ruins of Diocletian's baths; many of the Renaissance families plundered marble from the Colosseum, or from the Baths of Caracalla, for their palazzos.

Later, much later, come the palazzos such as the Borghese, set in thick woods of umbrella pines, just outside the gates leading to Via Veneto. Here, Pauline Bonaparte lies on her marble cushions in a sculpted nude by Canova. ("Nude?" she asked, at the time. "But why should I have minded? The room was heated.")

One can set out, in a right and honest determination to bypass, temporarily at least, Gucci's handbags and Greco's coffee, for the sights. And yet, determination wilts when you see the Piazza del Campo dei Fiore and its cornucopia of a market; its concern with life and its unconcern with monuments. In a stallholder's café you drink a fiasco of Frascati wine for a shilling; then walk round the corner to Via Pellegrino, a street concerned entirely in fake antiques; pretty gilded mirrors, trays, tables, cherubs and bric-à-brac, all



ABROAD

being turned out on the spot. A Rome that can never be imprisoned in museums comes vibrantly to life.

For in the end, you can only know your *own* Rome. Each time you add one more thing that is unfamiliar, that may or may not become a treasure to see again. Perhaps the picturesque Isola Tevere, linked to the left bank by one of the oldest bridges in the city. Or the English Cemetery, set just outside the walls near the Colosseum. The huge white pyramid is its landmark, dating back to pre-Christian time. Comparatively recently, non-Catholics were buried there by torchlight. Most people go there to see the graves of Keats and Shelley, and it is appropriate to follow it up with a visit to the Keats Museum. In this, his house on the Spanish Steps, one of the most endearing exhibits is a letter from Shelley to Leigh Hunt: "Where is Keats now? I am anxiously expecting him in Italy, when I shall take care to bestow every possible attention on him . . . I intend to be the physician both of his body and his soul, to keep the one warm and to teach the

other Greek and Spanish . . ." Among the most charming and intimate of all museums, this one, with a library of almost every English book extant on Rome, is open to anyone who cares to use it.

The Forum is one of the Great Unavoidables, though few people actually explore it. Walk its marbled streets on an early spring morning, when the cats crawl in their hundreds from underneath the sheltering, tumbled columns. Walk through the soaring temple to Castor and Pollux, to that of the Vestal Virgins and the lamp which once held their eternally guarded fire. Enjoy not only the monuments, but also the idiosyncrasies, such as the chequer boards carved in the stone, on which the Senators' companions would play dice while awaiting their masters' return.

Rome hardly admits of a winter. Spring starts in December, with baby lambs and artichokes to eat, mimosa and violets to smell, and—for the most part—blue skies to look at. I lunched outside on the pavement of Piazza Novena a couple of days before Christmas. Maestro Stefano and Tre Scalini are the leading lights of this most glorious of Piazzas. Rounding up on more restaurants, I confirmed that those of Tuscan origin still



The Capitol in Rome flanked on the left by the Santa Maria d'Aracoeli



The interior of the Colosseum, the symbol of Rome—just another gigantic roundabout to the motorist

VAN PHILLIPS

CHAS. McDEVITT

provide the best food.

With the exception of Fontanella, in Piazza Borghese, many of these are in Trastevere. Walk a narrow, cobbled street called Lungaretta, just off the Piazza Santa Maria in Trastevere (so named after one of Rome's loveliest mosaic façade churches). Gino's is good, and so are both branches of Sabatini, which are notable for well spaced tables and huge flagons of Chianti as well as their food. One of the most currently fashionable is El Bifolco, in Piazza Ginditta; a discreet form of bingo goes on, rather to the detriment of the service, but the food—when you get it—is good. The most obviously picturesque Trastevere trats which got fashionable three years ago and more, such as Cisterna and Mea Patacca, seem now to have declined into touristic sights, to the detriment of both food and service.

It is essential to catch Rome's *trattorie* on the way up, and such a one is Flavia, in Via Flavia, not far from the Grand Hotel. Film stars do line the walls, but Romans go there, and it is packed. One might complain that the food, good though it is, gets slung rather than served, so my final tip is somewhere gracious, leisured and classic: Passeto, near Piazza Navona. Quiet discriminating Americans go there as

well as Romans, and so they do understand about not serving the dry Martinis with the soup.

Finally, the *Hosteria del Orso*, which is strictly for after-ten, whether you go there to drink, to dine only, or to dance in the night club. Its origins hark back to the 13th century; its upper floor views are over the Tiber and the floodlit Castel Sant' Angelo; a recumbent Venus backs the bar. Discreet piano music syncopates with the ice in the cocktail shakers, the lighting is a masterpiece, and the clientele anyone who can pay.

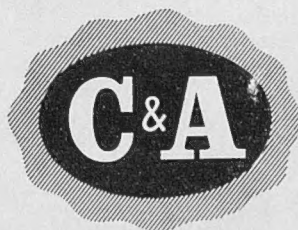
So far as hotels go, the two extremes are represented by some reasonably cheap, small hotels clustered around Piazza di Spagna—the Inghilterra, or the Condotti, which costs only £3 a night for double room; has few trimmings. The Grand, at £9 for double room and bath, including taxes, charges conventional luxury hotel prices. It is palmy and divinely old fashioned, with service that I have never seen excelled, and seldom equalled.

BEA's Trident flight leaves London at 9.10, and gets you to Rome, via a delicious breakfast, in just under two hours. The return flight, with lunch, is equally civilized, and gets back to London at 2.20, local time. The fares: £61 return, Tourist; £85, First Class.



The Spanish Steps where Keats' house is open as a museum. The poet was buried in Rome

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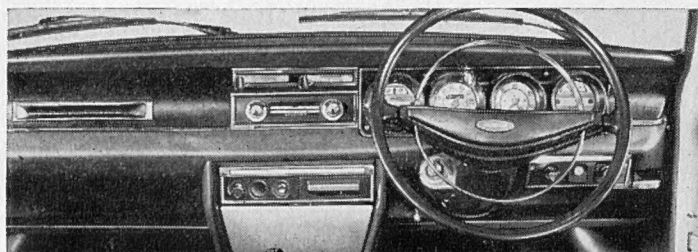


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VIGIL FOR CHURCHILL

As the TATLER went to press, millions listened on radio and television to the latest bulletin on the health of Sir Winston Churchill. This picture by Karsh of Ottawa was taken at the height of Sir Winston's fame and is chosen as one of the most truly representative of the man to whom the world pays tribute

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PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

WINTER AT WENGEN

Winter at Wengen always tends to be fairly active, the more so this year when a 70-plus contingent of young British skiers competed in the 1965 British Junior Ski championships and Pontin Trophies. Winner of the Girls' Combined Championships and the Downhill and Slalom races for girls was 17-year-old Virginia Cox. Her fellow Downhill Only Club member, Michael Edwardes-Ker, also 17, won the corresponding Boys' events

1 Richard Fry, 17-year-old member of the Kandahar Club, begins the Downhill course. Starter is Maj.-Gen. Digby Raeburn. Mountain in the background is the Monch

2 The new British Junior Champions, Virginia Cox and Michael Edwardes-Ker with trophies

3 Antoinette Ashburner (No. 17) of the D.H.O. was placed 6th in the Downhill Race. Antoinette is 16

4 At 12 the youngest competitor, Harris Collie from St. Moritz

5 Anthony Willoughby, 14, of the Downhill Only Club

6 Anthony Parks, 14, of the D.H.O. Club, kept warm before racing in a voluminous sheepskin tunic

7 Richard Fry (left) and Bob Constanduros, grandson of Mabel Constanduros. Both aged 17, they are members of the Kandahar Club



WINTER AT WENGEN/CONTINUED

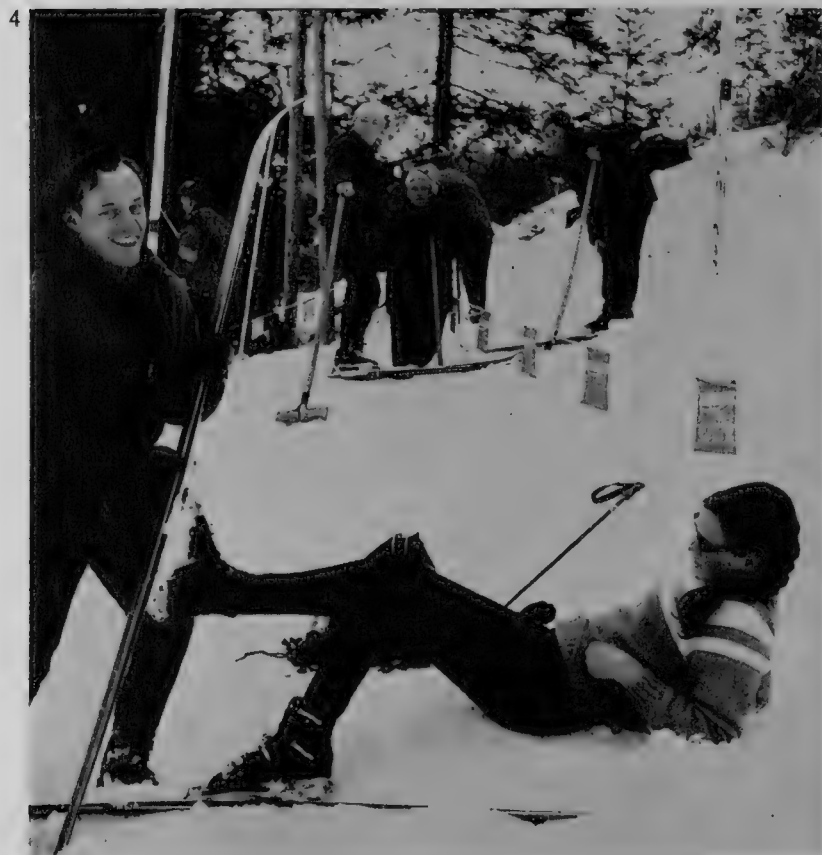
1 Mr. & Mrs. David Wilkinson. He was chairman of the organizing committee of the championships

2 16-year-old Sarah Dick from Villars being started by Major General Digby Raeburn

3 Alex Mapelli of the Kandahar Club, at 13 one of the youngest competitors

4 Trainer Mr. Rudi Wyrsh waxes the skis of Miss Karin Winkler, a member of the D.H.O. Club

5 Robbie Bruneau, a 14-year-old member of the D.H.O. Club, and Aidan Ballantyne, 13-year-old member of the same club



LET BATTLE COMMENCE

BY MURIEL BOWEN

The children's party given by the Lord Mayor of London, SIR JAMES MILLER, had an élan and efficiency that would have done credit to Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein. It was a superb job of entertainment and planning by members of the Common Council and the Lord Mayor's staff. Experience going back over decades of annual campaigns of the kind was fully drawn upon. The strategy and tactics could not be faulted. (See pictures on page 156.)

Fully half-an-hour before the butler opened the front door to the first of the 653 children, Mr. DEPUTY C. F. LEWIS, in the blue and fur-trimmed robes of the Common Council, was in his appointed position outside the Venetian parlour. Like all stewards-in-charge he had a coterie of well-drilled helpers, his command consisting of Mrs. LEWIS, LT. COL. W. W. DOVE, and Mrs. RUTHERFORD.

RESOURCE AND SAGACITY

Men and women of resource and imagination are worth their weight in gold at any children's party. I liked the way Mr. ALAN LAMBOLL, a member of the Common Council, said charmingly to the advancing hordes: "Swords, guns and wands in the left-hand so that you can shake hands with the Lord Mayor with the right." Bachelor Mr. Lamboll has had 15 years of being a steward at the Lord Mayor's children's party.

"It is not as bad as it seems," he told me. "Every so often we get 'the message'—that means a drink upstairs. Also we're allowed to the cellars to smoke." (The reception rooms were hung with "No Smoking" notices.)

Inevitably Mums giving a children's party have a too small house and, invariably, too few hands to help. The eight closely typed instructions to stewards would make amusing reading for all who have struggled under these conditions.

Splendidly they proclaimed that the Marshal (gorgeously dressed up, of course) would be "in immediate control of all movements." At a word of congestion reaching him from the Walbrook Door there was the assurance that he would order the opening of the Portico Gates.

FORWARD THE SWORD

The general heading of "Traffic" referred to people, not motor cars. And a glance confirmed that the latest device of the traffic engineers for London's bridges—

tidal flow—was fully operational on both the east and west staircases. Emergencies were to be reported "*at once*" and, appropriately enough, to the Sword bearer.

The Mansion House is an enormous rabbit warren of a building and I wondered what would happen to the child that might get left behind. I put the question to the Lord Mayor himself. "I don't think we have prepared anything for that," said Sir James calmly in his rich Scots burr. "I only hope that they don't emerge in the middle of the night—I find I need all the sleep I can get in this job."

THE MISSING SHEPHERDESS

It might be thought that such an efficiently-run party would be a bit flat for the guests. Not so. They scooped up the ice cream, and the chocolate cake, they laughed as they sat on the floor of the immense Egyptian Hall, into which they had been shepherded by Mrs. T. KINGSLEY COLLETT and SIR DENIS TRUSCOTT, to watch REG LEVER (TV's original Mr. Happy).

Warm human touches were many. Half-way through the afternoon the Lady Mayoress met a steward on the East staircase and the following conversation ensued:

Lady Miller: "Have you seen my granddaughter?"

Steward: "What does she look like?"

Lady Miller: "She's one of the hundred, or so, shepherdesses."

NEW TRACKS DOWNHILL

From Wengen I hear that the Downhill Only Club (which produced Britain's best skier, John Rigby, in last year's Olympics) has a new president. After seven successful years, Mr. CHRISTOPHER MACKINTOSH has given up and his place has been taken by London hotelier, Mr. STANLEY WALDUCK.

Apart from the war years Mr. & Mrs. Stanley Walduck have skied at Wengen every year since 1925. He says: "I claim to have supported the place to the best of my ability by drinking more beer and Pfumliwasser than anyone else!" The Downhill Only also has two new secretaries in Miss MARTHA CIVVAL and Miss CAROLYN JACKSON. (Pictures at Wengen on page 152.)

Friends who have been to Wengen in the last few weeks tell me that a new and very large Sno-Cat has meant better piste maintenance and also the opening of new runs in the Wengen snowfields. Plans are also in being for the rebuilding

of the inner Wengen ski lift as a chair lift.

Two important social dates for winter sports enthusiasts have been brought to my attention. The Cresta Ball in St. Moritz is on 13 February and the Ski Club of Great Britain dinner and ball at Grosvenor House on 14 May.

PRACTICAL GIVING

When Mr. & Mrs. TIMOTHY HUE WILLIAMS return from their Tenerife honeymoon they will move into his Kensington flat—but not as he has known it. Mrs. Hue Williams, the former Angela Hubbard, has said how she would like it done up and his parents, Mr. & Mrs. C. A. HUE WILLIAMS, have charmingly arranged that all bills should be sent to them. The bride's mother, the HON. Mrs. BARFORD, came up with another practical and much appreciated gift. She has given her son-in-law, who is a super games player, his entrance and first year subscription to Sunningdale Golf Club.

Mr. & Mrs. Hue Williams, who met at a debutante party when she came out two years ago, married at St. George's, Hanover Square. The reception was at Claridge's. There, among others, were Mr. RALPH HUBBARD, the bride's father; COL. & Mrs. ROGER HUE WILLIAMS; Mr. & Mrs. DEREK HUBBARD; the DUKE & DUCHESS OF RICHMOND & GORDON; LADY CAROLINE CADOGAN; Miss JANE WAINMAN; SIR FRANCIS & LADY WINNINGTON; and DR. DESMOND URWICK, the Hubbard family doctor, who made a lively speech in favour of young marriages when he proposed the health of the bride and groom.

NOT ALL THAT UNACCUSTOMED

The reasons for impromptu speeches are seldom well given. Hence the relish of the audience when the Rt. REV. JOHN ROBINSON, Bishop of Woolwich, explained his lucid, but unexpected oration, at Miss CHRISTINA FOYLE's literary luncheon last week.

"I'm only an Anglican Bishop deputizing for a Roman Catholic Archbishop," said Dr. Robinson entering somewhat impishly into the ecumenical spirit.

The lunch, to mark the publication of *Objections to Roman Catholicism*, was to have had ARCHBISHOP ROBERTS, a leading Jesuit and a contributor to the book, as the main speaker. Archbishop Roberts was requested by his Provincial superior not to attend the lunch. The result: gigantic publicity for the book and—according to Constable, the publishers—soaring sales.

THE LORD MAYOR'S CONGA

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir James Miller, led his young guests in a conga at the party he and Lady Miller gave at the Mansion House for nearly a thousand children. Apart from the giant tea party, there were puppets in the Long Parlour and Punch and Judy in the drawing rooms



1 Martin Crombie and Susan Miller watch the puppet show. They are grandchildren of the Lord Mayor



2 Jennifer Ann Chryss as the White Rabbit from *Alice*. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Basil Chryss of Uxbridge, and a pupil at the Haberdashers' School



3 Stella Gambling, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. Gambling, and Marion Baggs, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Baggs. The two children were brought to the party by Countess Cadogan



4 Ice cream on the stairs for Jeremy Mayhew and Deirdre Daly. Jeremy is the son of Mr. & Mrs. John Mayhew



5 The Lord Mayor leads a conga through the Mansion House. Heading the line is a drummer from the Marines School of Music



6 Capt. Richard Vergette of the Honourable Artillery Company with Vicky Richards and Mark Talbot Lewis, grandson of Deputy C. F. Lewis, Deputy Governor of the Hon. Irish Society

Competitions were held for ballroom dancing and fancy head-dresses at the Blue Bird children's party in aid of the League of Pity, the Junior Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, given at the Hyde Park Hotel by Miss Violet Ballantine

A HEAD FOR HEIGHTS



1 Arabella Montgomery, granddaughter of Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein

2 Anna Steiger, daughter of actress Claire Bloom and actor Rod Steiger

3 Kate Burt, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Burt

4 Ingrid Akerhielm (*right*), who won first prize for her Post Office Tower headdress, and the Hon. Emily Astor, who won second prize with gold roses

5 James Velaise and Jean Louis Velaise, sons of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Velaise

6 Cassandra Balchin, daughter of novelist Mr. Nigel Balchin, with her mother

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

BY JESSIE PALMER

The Fife Hunt Ball held in the County Buildings, Cupar, Fife, was a very gay affair this year with the jury room turned into a night club, dancing in the main hall and supper in the Sheriff Court. The Garden of Eden décor set the light-hearted tone for the evening. There were silver and white trees, small suspended figures of Adam & Eve and, of course, serpents popping up everywhere.

The decorations were the work of Miss Valerie Tatton, now a teacher of art at St. Andrews. Hunt Club member Miss Valerie Russell again made a wonderful job of arranging the flowers, helped this year by Miss Elizabeth Neilson from Roxburghshire. This year's preses, Brigadier H. N. Crawford, and his wife personally received all the guests—nearly 270 of them—and themselves brought 24 guests, probably the biggest party of the evening. Their eldest son, James, came out officially at the ball. He still has two terms to complete at school before going into the Army.

Supper in gaol

The preses' supper, one of the main events of the ball, was held in the old Cupar gaol beneath the main building. It now looks far from prisonlike but still retains its atmosphere. Among the preses' supper party were Sir John & Lady Gilmour (Sir John is joint-Master of the Hunt), Sir Ralph Anstruther of Balcaskie, Sir George & Lady Nairn, Air Marshal Sir Thomas & Lady Elmhirst, and the Earl & Countess of Lindsay.

The other joint-Master, Lady Anstruther-Gray, missed the ball—for the first time in years, she tells me. She and her husband (who was recently elected chairman of the 1922 Committee of Conservative Back-bench M.P.s) had only just returned from a fortnight's holiday in America where they had been visiting their younger daughter and her husband, the Hon. George Weir.

The next morning, though the ball didn't finish till after 4 a.m., nearly 40 hardy spirits turned up for the post-ball hunt. Mrs. Nancy Black, one of the very few women who still hunt side-saddle, was among those riding. In the evening Brigadier & Mrs. Crawford entertained about 200 guests at a cocktail party at their home, Naughton, near Wormit.

Busy days

"It will be quite strenuous while it lasts, but it should be very interesting." This is Mrs. Leslie's view of the recently announced appointment of her husband,

Sheriff Harald R. Leslie, Q.C., as this year's Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Sheriff Leslie will be the first commoner to represent the Queen at the Assembly since the late Walter Elliot (1956-57).

Both Mrs. Leslie and her husband are Orcadians and Sheriff Leslie still retains a link with his birthplace in that he is Sheriff of Caithness, Sutherland, Orkney and Shetland. He is a graduate of Glasgow University but his wife is a graduate—in medicine—of Edinburgh. Mrs. Leslie practised medicine for eight years before her marriage and obviously was deeply interested in her work, though her gift for understatement tends to make her play down her achievements. She was one of the R.A.M.C. team who moved into Belsen a couple of weeks after the occupation. The previous winter she was in Antwerp—"with the buzz bombs. That was quite eventful," she observed dryly.

Since her marriage in 1945 she has kept up her interest in medicine and has done some child welfare work. She is also a marriage guidance counsellor and a member of the Edinburgh Association of Youth Clubs. With her outside interests and her two children (a girl of 12 and a boy of 10) there aren't many idle moments in Mrs. Leslie's day.

Winter tour

Rushing around in the Glasgow winter to collect a summer wardrobe was Mrs. Neville Davidson, wife of the Very Rev. Dr. Neville Davidson, minister of Glasgow Cathedral and Chaplain to the Queen in Scotland. He and Mrs. Davidson and the Earl & Countess of Wemyss and March flew off in the middle of January to Nigeria where Lord Wemyss and Dr. Davidson are representing the Church of Scotland at a conference of the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches in Enugu.

The conference will last for 10 days but the Davidsons expect to be away about a month altogether. They will be visiting various mission stations. "It looks as though we shall be in a different place every day all over Nigeria," Mrs. Davidson told me happily. She was particularly looking forward to visiting the grave of Mary Slessor—one of the Church of Scotland's pioneer missionaries—in Calabar, and to seeing the work of the Itu Leper Colony.

Lord & Lady Wemyss plan to visit relatives in South Africa after the conference.

SYLVIE NICKELS takes a close look at an intensive one-week course for ski instructors and is prompted to plead for an international method

In front of the Post Hotel, the classes are gathering. For once there is no time to notice the mountains, remote and lovely and infinitely wise. There are other preoccupations like finding one's right class. Fingers fumble with unfamiliar release bindings; booted feet slither experimentally on those shafts of wood or steel to which they will be clamped on and off for the next six days. There is a babble of voices from which mysterious words emerge: *stem* and *schuss* and *christiana*. The ski course has begun. It has begun in the same way that hundreds of other ski courses will begin in the high places of Europe during the three months or so of the winter sports season.

Yet this course is not quite as the others. The beginners are there, as well as good and better skiers—more than 1,000 of them graded into 90 classes, from One to Six, at Arosa. There are experts, too, 123 from as many resorts all over Switzerland. Periodically you see them torpedo down, a line of red ski jackets above a spray of snow. They are the directors of Switzerland's 123 ski schools and their presence here is what makes this week in the snow the unique event of the season.

The Swiss Ski School Directors' course is an annual 'get-together' of the directors of all ski schools in Switzerland. It takes place for a week each year in a different resort. In 1963 it was St.

Moritz, last year Arosa, this year, snow conditions permitting, it will be Crans-Montana. The purpose is to provide a kind of Swiss skiers' summit conference during which are discussed—and practised—the ticklish problems of technique and a unified system of instruction: the instruction that will be given during 1½-1½ million half-day lessons all over the country in the coming season.

This annual gathering of the "greats" first took place 31 years ago. Until recently, guinea-pig ski students formed the classes on which the directors unified their methods. But the scheme expanded and the number of ski students became too large; a separate course became necessary for them.

Today, the directors "instruct" themselves, afterwards returning to their respective resorts to pass on what has been discussed and decided to the instructors of their own schools. There are about 3,000 of these, though finding new, young ones is becoming a problem. Each must pass a four-week test and know at least two languages (soon, possibly, three). The attractions of permanent jobs and city wages are considerable compared with earnings on the ski slopes which may fluctuate between nothing and 90 Swiss francs a day for just a few weeks of the year.

The guinea-pig ski students are no longer, but concurrently

TEACHERS TAUGHT



Snowscapes around Arosa where the most recent ski course for instructors was held. The cable car arrives at the middle station from the Weisshorn summit where on the third day of the course a new member (left) prepares for his first long run down. Far left: Arosa seen from nursery slopes



with the directors' course is the first of two separate one-week courses under 90 additional instructors for the public who, for an average all-in fee of about £25, get their hotel accommodation, meals, ski instruction, and unlimited use of all mechanical aids (usually a costly item). Similar early December courses for the public are now run in Zermatt, St. Moritz, Grindelwald, Pontresina, Klosters, Davos, Verbier, Andermatt and Kleine Scheidegg.

Not surprisingly, there is no difficulty in selling the course. But the voices you hear, hailing or protesting or despairing on the ski slopes, are rarely English voices. Rarely British-English that is, for the Americans top the list of foreigners, coming in their hundreds from bases and embassies in Europe. There are Spaniards, Italians, Germans, a smattering of French, the occasional Scandinavian, even a Japanese or two; but the British, it seems, have hardly caught on to this ski-ing bargain of the year when novices can rub shoulders with the ski-ing élite of Switzerland.

After a while you find yourself wondering what they do with the rest of their year, these supple, sun-tanned men and women. Alfred Stäger of Mürren deals in footwear in the autumn and

spring, and supervises an Alpine climbers' hut in summer. Pretty Susi Grob teaches ski-ing with her husband in Arosa each winter, and swimming in Zurich each summer. Others are farmers or factory workers, craftsmen or climbers. Whatever they do, from the four corners of Switzerland they come. Apart from Frith Finlayson.

He, a founder member of the British Association of Professional Ski Instructors, is an indefatigable son of Glasgow transplanted to the Highlands where he is fully occupied in putting over the sports business to Scots and Sassenachs alike. Now 36, his ski-ing days date back only 10 years, but a natural talent with mountains soon compensated this relatively late start. Three years later he went to Grindelwald and was put through his paces by Lauterbrunnen's present ski school director, Werber Stäger ("och, he really puit me thru' it"). A couple of years later, he attended his first Swiss Ski School Directors' course, and this he has been doing ever since, taking time off from his own sports shop and Ski School d'Ecosse in Aviemore.

It is time well spent, for the Swiss Ski School Directors' course is no mere excuse for a few days' mountain air. Each day starts



with an hour's lecture at 8 a.m. There follows three hours' ski-ing, a break for lunch, more ski-ing, and another hour's lecture before dinner. Subjects of the lectures cover anything from insurance and release bindings to the administration of a ski school. And, of course, technique.

Technique is a subject which any ski instructor or even enthusiast can discuss interminably without shifting an inch from his own convictions. To you and me it may all seem complicated, but if you are a supporter or an opponent, for example, of rotation (movement of the body in the same direction as a turn), it matters quite a lot. I suspect that in the end the experts do exactly as they please.

In France, rotation is "in"; in Austria, it is "out". Swiss techniques were closer to those of Austria, but are now likely to be somewhere in between, except that rotation is only partial and is not called rotation, but impulsion. Whether or not these differences are important to the beginner, choosing his first winter sports holiday from the bevy of brilliant brochures issued each autumn, I agree with Carl Gamma of Andermatt, new director (technique) of the central Swiss Ski Schools Association, that it is high time

On the first day of the course skiers are graded into one of six standards ranging from beginners to experts. Above middle: on the nursery slopes Susi Grob pauses to advise an American pupil on the problems of walking uphill. Top: Frith Finlayson who runs his own ski school in Aviemore with Liz Colley, one of his instructors. Left: shapes and shadows in the snow are an aesthetic background to the physical actualities

national pride was swallowed and an agreement reached on an international method. It may not matter very much to you and me, but I am still trying to unlearn the rotation method taught me several years ago and, presumably, should I go to France, would have to learn it all over again. At the end of the week the ski directors leave, and so do the skiers: the expert, the good and the not-so-good—all of them considerably better than when they arrived.

Travel Note: Apart from the regular routes to Switzerland by B.E.A., Swissair and other airlines, motorised skiers should note the car and passenger air ferries of British United Airways from Southend and Lydd to Basle and Geneva, operating throughout the year. Passenger rates are £32 14s. return; car rates from £9-£41 single, according to length and destination.

Right: M. Philippe Rheims, son of Madame Jean Rheims, whose husband is president of the Banque Rheims, talking to Mlle. Monique de Rothschild, Master of the Equipage de la Futaie des Amis. Below: The pack, a mixture of French, English and Irish hounds. Bottom: Baron Philippe Prisse who also rides to staghounds in Devon



THE RIDE OF THE ROTHSCHILDS

WRITER ST. JOHN DONN-BYRNE AND PHOTOGRAPHER ROGER HILL GO HUNTING ON WHEELS IN THE TREE-HUNG SHADES OF THE FOREST OF CHANTILLY

I propose here to describe in simple language a cold day's venery in the forest of Compiègne and to give some facts about stag hunting in France and the particular hunt that operates in that wan and pastel-shaded forest. These, as Mr. Vishinsky used to say at the United Nations—chopping the air with his right hand—are the facts.

The word venery is given two meanings in the Concise Oxford Dictionary and both are dubbed Arch. Under Venerie the *Bottin Mondain* lists a considerable number of packs. The particular one, of which I treat, is called Equipage de la Futaie des Amis and its master is Monique de Rothschild. Previously the forest had been hunted by her father, Baron James de Rothschild, but he gave up riding some years ago. Monique de

Rothschild took over the pack, changed its name, slightly rearranged the uniform of the Rothschild colours and now hunts twice a week with occasional days when they go out for boar. Her pack is one of two in France with no professional, mounted, hunt servants. Whipping-in is done by members of the hunt—*les boutons*—which means those who are entitled to wear the hunt uniform. These too can also carry horns, the sounding of which play an important part in the phasing of the hunt where the horsemen are often obliged by the thickness of undergrowth to stick to the rides that traverse the forest.

I was invited to this day's hunting by Madame Jean Rheims, whose husband is the president of the Banque Rheims and whose father was Louis



Left: The hunt servants report to General Spitzer (centre) the positions of the stags. Below: Assistant Master Mme. Jean Rheims and her son, François. Bottom: The Mini-Moke in which St. John Donn-Byrne followed the hunt. Below left: The hunt moves off led by Mlle. Monique de Rothschild. Below, far left: Hounds and riders move off. The horns are a prominent feature of this hunt



Louis-Dreyfus, a name with a good deal to say in French business and shipping circles. Madame Rheims, mother of two sons, François and Philippe, is the president of Monique de Rothschild's équipage. She rides side-saddle and wears a tricorne hat. Her kindly invitation took me out on my first day's hunting in more than a decade of French living. I followed the hunt in a witty and endearing polo pony of a little car called a Mini-Moke which seemed to me the ideal vehicle.

The meet was at a cross-roads in the middle of the forest. Black ice covered the puddles. Horse boxes and other modern signs of the equestrian life stood parked in the rides and side roads. The hounds, 20 couple, were away to one side. Of the horse-borne hunting folk there were about 30,

some 15 of them in the hunt uniform . . . some others, very formal, in that of the French army. I was introduced to many nice people. They said nice things, and what's more they said them in English. One girl, bless her, had blue-green eyes with brown flecks against a very white background and she gave me a small, amazing smile that made my feet feel slightly less frost-bitten. Madame Rheims pointed out to me some black and tan hounds that had recently come from Ireland. I thought they looked slightly puzzled. The pack was a mixture of Irish, French (very good of nose) and English (tough and of good voice). There were many cars, a Rolls of great distinction and others English. The Mini-Moke was having its own little success. It was at that moment I realized

I had made a fearful error. I had forgotten to bring my gloves and to refill my brandy flask.

François Rheims explained the complexities of the hunt. People, I thought, were very creditably turned out. Philippe Rheims looked devilishly smart and the master's sister, Nicolle, blonde hair, soft-seeming charm, looked anything but the successful film director she is. Her father, perhaps best respected of all hunt masters in France, Baron James de Rothschild, was there, watching his daughters with a certain fond pride. There was the usual French orgy of hand-shaking. Grooms kept the horses moving, kennel servants kept the hounds in check. Then came a phase of ritual interest. One of the men in uniform told the Master where he had located a stag. There was



The hunt at a crossroads in the forest of Compiègne

the business of mounting and a picturesque move off. The hounds were still coupled. At a certain spot in the chill morning wood, the ground not too hard, the Master put them on the line (*l'attaque*) and the hunt was on. Hounds ran, horsemen galloped and Monique de Rothschild sounded the first two bars of what might be called her hunt's signature tune.

Within a few minutes the sound of another tune indicated that a stag had been sighted. François Rheims took the wheel of the Moke and from then on we shot up and down bumpy rides. Twice the stag crossed the ride in front of us. Cars shot around somewhat cluelessly. Police tended to turn up at moments, directing the traffic in the lonely wood. Each time the stag appeared it was the same hound that led.

François Rheims showed an amazing knowledge of the forest. We kept arriving at the right place and I noticed that two or three other cars had a way of turning up too. One belonged to the Baron Philippe Prisse, a frequent rider to stag-hounds in Devon. The Baroness was much amused by my Moke. "*Quelle jolie petite voiture,*" she would say, smilingly, every time we met at the corner of some remote ride.

On we went, up and down the rides, listening for the cry of hounds or the indications of the horns . . . occasionally meeting baffled, red-faced riders who had lost their way . . . occasionally meeting slightly shamed-looking hounds whose hearts were palpably not in the chase. The stag crossed the path, going, I thought, nicely, followed some 30 seconds later by the hounds, the keen one still in the lead. We paused to consider the next move. Then in the distance there came a remote clear call. The stag was at bay. We drove to the spot, meeting people full of information. The car-borne contingent, women and children, crowded in to see the sights and second horsemen and grooms appeared miraculously. Everyone who had a horn blew it.

Everybody crowded round, except those who were drinking something hot from the car boots. Snow fell languidly on the scene. People took pity and led me to their cars. In no time I was awash with an interesting mixture of tea, coffee, whisky, bouillon, beer and vins blanc, rouge et rosé. I wondered what my liver would have to say about all this. Curiously enough it took it very calmly.

"What goes on now," I asked François.

"Just music and tradition," he said. So we had

a great deal more horn blowing. Madame Rheims had changed her tricorné for a beret and her son François had put his duffle coat over her shoulders. An extremely nice Paris lawyer told me how much he loved England and regretted he could never get to terms with the language. "It is something cerebral," he said sadly. But I must have a little Scotch. So I had a little Scotch.

Snow was still falling. The hounds were now happy.

It had been a good day. The stag had been a three-year-old and had surprisingly given up after two hours. The distance covered was probably some 10 miles. This hunt kills about 35 stags in a season. This is not much when you consider that some hundreds were shot locally when the Government declared an open season on them for one month. There were five Sundays in that month . . . the day on which the Frenchman shoots. On each of those Sundays the forest made noises like the battle of El Alamein.

Finally, about that day's hunting, I should like to say that I was impressed by the general attitude and tolerance shown, between Master, field and sightseers. It was not always like that when I was young.

the cool countdown

Never, since the days of skiffle, have so many youngsters felt that they too could become entertainers overnight. But next-day stardom is rare, and here is charted the course of Rick and Sandy indicating that even to opportunity there is a climb.—Words by J. ROGER BAKER, photographs were taken by ANTHONY CRICKMAY



TEN . . . DISCOVERY. Richard Paul Tyekiff on the left and Alexander William Robertson on the right were lucky enough to attract the interest of a manager prepared to put money and time into grooming them for pop-stardom. Alexander, known privately then and professionally now as Sandy, was singing around in pubs and clubs eager to find the break into show business proper, less interested in his chosen career of accountancy. Richard, known privately then and professionally now as Rick, was studying architecture. He would join Sandy at parties, duetting around the student circuit. Sandy was offered an audition. Suspicious at first, he finally accepted and took Rick with him one lunch break

NINE . . . DECISION. The boys shared (below left) a rambling basement flat in Earl's Court Square with two other students. Was it possible to leap from a student ambience of jolly informal parties to the cut and thrust of show business proper? Finally Rick decided to try and give up his architectural career, thrilled but realistic: "If it doesn't work out I can always go back after a year or so." Sandy needed no second thoughts. Both 21, both come from Kenya and wear wristbands of elephant tail hairs as a proof and a reminder. Rick's father has a dance band out there. This summer they decided to go on a working holiday, found themselves loved in the south of France

EIGHT . . . THE CONTRACT. Rick signs first (below). The contract is with Landau-Brook Promotions, Ltd., making them sole managers and agents for the boys. An encouraging and rather unusual aspect of the boys' promotion was that the managers never approached any major recording company asking for a contract—instead, the contracts were offered, two American, one British, so they took the British one



FOUR . . . RIDING HIGH. It seems impossible they should fail to make the beat scene now. A brace of songs have been found to record and a company has been organized to let them make it. They have auditioned for radio and television appearances and been accepted. They have moved to a more elegant flat and, most important, a West End nightclub engagement has been arranged. The desk diary is loaded with dates, schedules. They have decided to record for an independent company called F.X.B. Company, run by Tom Springfield (Dusty's brother, leader of the famous now-disbanded group) and Eddy Jarret of the Grade Organization. Gerry Landau, at home in the film world, wanted the boys in the hands of a recording expert—someone who understands musical arrangements

THREE . . . NOT SO EASY. It isn't a question of simply walking into a recording studio (above left) and singing through a well-rehearsed number. The backing for their first disc was arranged by Tom Springfield, an experienced performer, a perfectionist who knows precisely what he wants. Over and over they record the number. Once he shouts to Rick and Sandy, "Stop singing, you're not in tune, we'll put you in later." The boys look rather sheepish in their recording booth. The afternoon drags on. After each performance they rush back to the control room to listen to a playback, stunningly loud through stereophonic speakers, emphasising in painful detail all imperfections. But eventually everyone is satisfied and there will be a wait of several weeks, weeks of careful sound balancing and preparation, before the record appears on the market

TWO . . . IN THE ROUND. Show business encompasses many different worlds. From the almost antiseptic indifference of the recording studio, they move to a nightclub (above) and face the task of fascinating a blasé and not basically interested audience. Bertie Green, also wise in the ways of show business, decided the boys were worth putting at the top of his variety bill at the Astor Club and at the Colony. They played the Colony early in the evening, the Astor early in the morning. "Remember there are people behind you," Bertie Green urged as they rehearsed in the quirkily romantic atmosphere of a club during the day. In one corner dancers limbered up, in another the other acts were equipping themselves with tea. Rick and Sandy ran through their programme, slightly gloomy, unsmiling

SEVEN . . . PREPARATION. They had to be dressed carefully. Sharp, identical suits were provided. They had to get around, let themselves be seen. Publicity photographs were taken before they had done anything to publicize. A fan club was organized before any fans had heard them. But it wouldn't be too difficult to acquire a following. Both very tall and very fair they look striking enough together to be followed in Battersea Park by children. They went to some film premières and to appear at the opening of a garden party alongside Wilfred Brambell. They performed, and immediately pencils, autograph books and scraps of paper were hoisted at them

SIX . . . THE MANAGER. Gerald Landau (below right) is wise in the ways of show business. Says: "Originally I was a film director and it was exciting. But then the executives took over and the spontaneity and drive evaporated. The only field in which originality and excitement remained seemed to be in advertising films which I began to make. Then the same thing happened. Now I believe this pop business has the drive and go I am looking for. That is why I decided to get into it." He took the boys to a Jazz Jamboree at Wembley, partly so that they could study form, partly so they could acquire knowledge of what to expect. All the big groups were there and a drove of solo singers. Rick and Sandy were rather sickened by the screaming and fainting, by the overt vulgarity of some of the performers. Their style is cool but beaty, youthfully healthy but sophisticated

FIVE . . . SEARCH. Everything is ready for the boys to be thrust on a largely indifferent world. An image has developed, a programme of songs is constantly rehearsed, egos are bolstered to the maximum. But a record is needed and the search for a song begins. There are some 30 active music publishers in London; all their outstanding material is fed immediately to their own stars and groups. But the round of publishers was made. With them went Malcom Brook, Gerry Landau's partner, who shares responsibility. In raffish rooms, stars on the walls, the boys lean against an upright piano while young composers sing in high, unlovely, unselfconscious voices their new songs. The boys are learning: they have to imagine guitar accompaniment; have to visualize a song in thirds. They are looking for a big hit, not just a nice song. An original is essential for a disc: at live performances the public just doesn't react to the unfamiliar



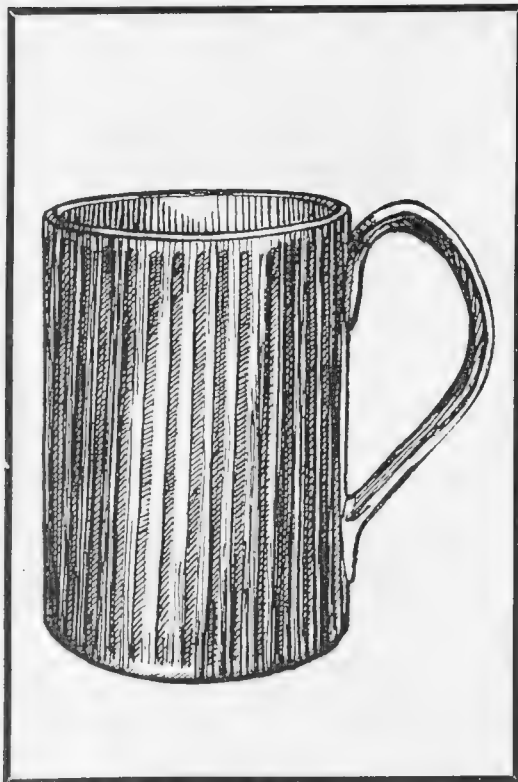
ONE . . . FIRST NIGHT. And success. Through the preceding acts the nightclub audience showed a tendency to chatter, order drinks and go to the cloakrooms. Rick and Sandy didn't actually bring them to order (it's dubious if Perry Como could under those circumstances) but they got an interested hearing, some participation (clapping on the off-beat) and nourishing applause. They learned still more. One night Sandy's guitar string snapped. Unfazed he replaced the instrument, then the shoulder strap broke. The act finished with him balancing the guitar on his knee while he balanced himself on one leg. It will take much more than that to throw them off balance now

ZERO . . . BANG! Friday, 29 January is their crucial day. On it their record called *If you loved me (half as much as I loved you)* is released under the Mercury label. In the evening they appear on Ready, Steady, Go, the trend-setting TV pop show. Already they shake hands, smile, chat up the press in well-worn phrases. Slowly they are acquiring the patina of the pro that is so hard to chip. The months of preparation are yielding their rewards, but whether the boys ultimately make it remains the decision of the public. A quieter, smoother style seems in order now (look at the current chart-toppers), and of course R & S have the biggest gun on their side, talent and an individually defined style

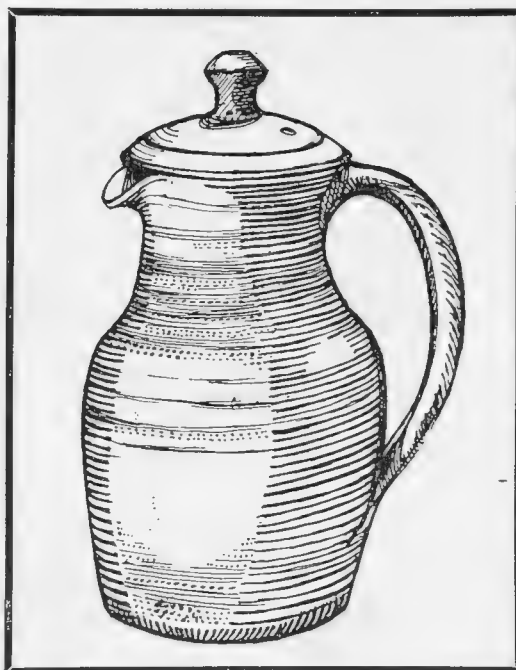
A CRAFTY WOMAN'S GUIDE TO HANDCRAFTS

Handmade is a prestige word, and getting more so. In an age when furniture comes from a factory, when kitchen gadgets fall in plastic millions from identical moulds, when sweaters are knitted immaculately by machines that never drop a stitch, the individuality and uniqueness of something made by hand is getting more and more desirable. The five shops on these pages all specialize in hand-made goods; most of the samples drawn here are currently in stock, but some have to be ordered

CRAFTSMEN'S POTTERS ASSOCIATION, 3 Lowndes Court, Carnaby Street, W.1. Act as agents for potters all over the country, insist on a high level of work. Samples: Brown and black striped mug, 12s. 9d., by Rye Pottery. Also available is a complete coffee service in the same pattern. Earthenware bowl finely glazed on the inside with a meticulous pattern of yellow and green flowers. £1 4s., by Anna Hagen

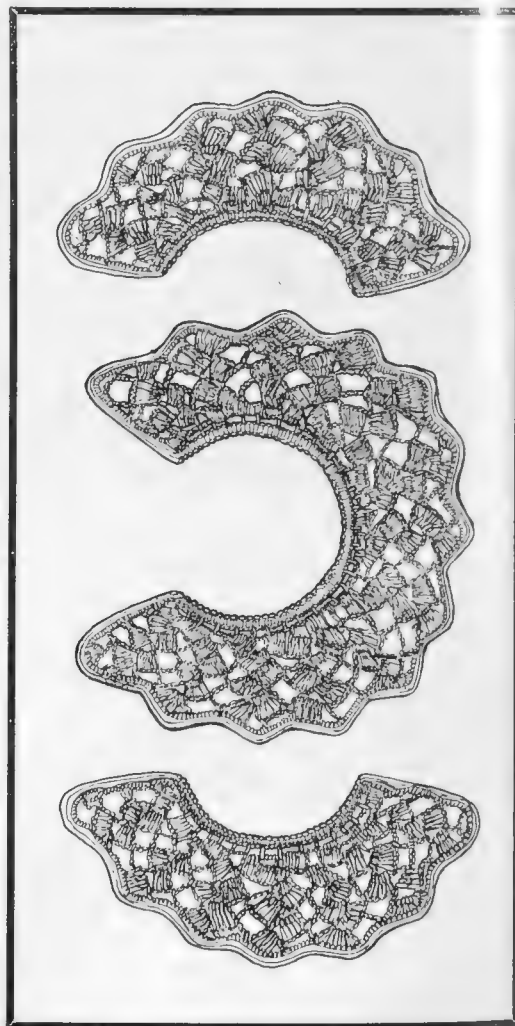


THE CRAFTS CENTRE OF GREAT BRITAIN, 16-17 Hay Hill, W.1. Shop window for crafts of all kinds, including embroidery, weaving, pottery, wood-carving; are informative about craft centres all over the country. Samples: Stoneware coffee-pot by R. Finch, 19s. Silver coffee-pot by L. Durbin, £47 5s.; wooden trencher by J. Makepeace, £2 2s. (available in both larger and smaller sizes); hand engraved tumbler by E. Dinkel, £4 4s. (part of a set of decanter and glasses, but available separately)



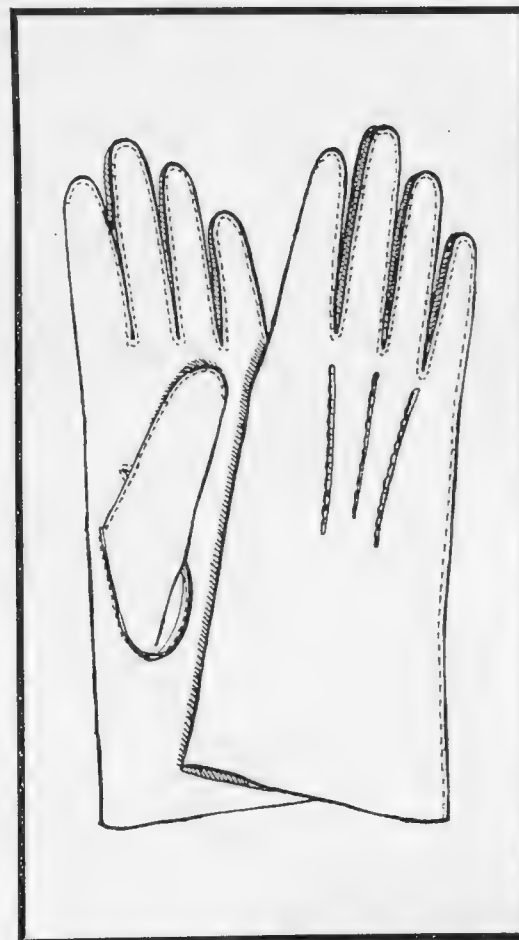
WOMEN'S HOME INDUSTRIES, 11 West Halkin Street, S.W.1. Handknitted goods that are expertly designed and professionally made-up.

Samples: Crisp white crochet collar and cuff set, £1 15s.; loose-knit chenille sweater, pale coffee-coloured and lowish neck, £13 12s. 6d.; Afghan in a mixture of colours, single-bed size, £8; glittery gold stockings, 7 gns.

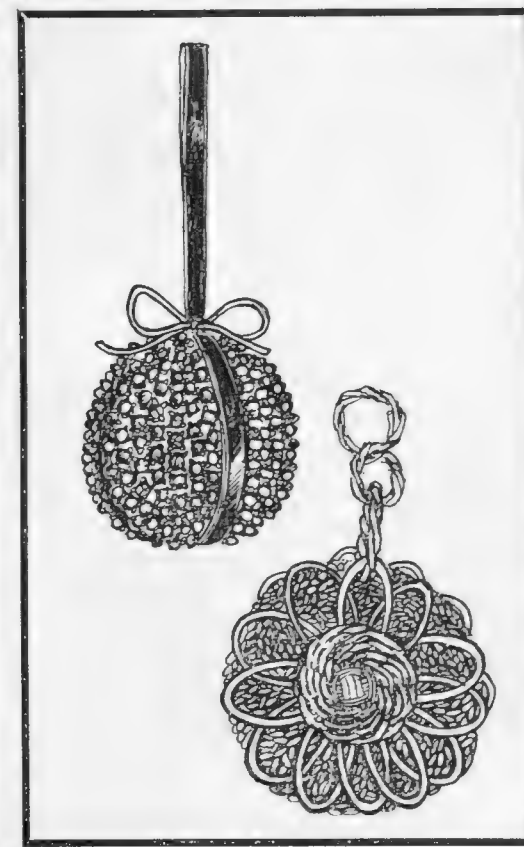




HOMEBOUND CRAFTSMEN, 25a Holland Street, Kensington, W.8. Represent disabled craftsmen who are unable to go out to work; specialize in toys, of which they have a large selection, woven and hand-sewn goods. Samples: Brown glazed plant-pot with matching saucer, 10s. 6d. Hand-sewn white leather washable gloves, £1 19s. 6d.



CALDEY ABBEY PERFUMERS, 2 Thurloe Place, S.W.7. All the scents, lotions and essences sold in this shop are made in the monastery on Caldey Island, off Tenby, Wales. Their prices are reasonable, considering the high quality they achieve. Samples: The 1-oz. bottle of scent in the drawing costs 3 gns., the orange pomander 14s. 6d., the cane-bound wardrobe sachet 4s. 9d. Also available are bath essences, and a particularly good non-sticky hand lotion called Island Rose (4s. 6d. a small bottle, 7s. 6d. large).



Fashion by Unity Barnes

SUIT YOURSELF

in one of the newly-hatched
spring suits that skip
blithely through these
pages. Trend-spotters
please note: belts at all
levels, narrow jackets,
smoother fabrics, skirts
with a swing

Photographs by
Michael Cooper





**BOLDLY
CHECKED
SUIT**

(left) in black and white tweed, revers and tie-belt faced with white; swirling knife-pleated skirt. By Bob Schulz, 28 gns. at Simpson; Karter, Glasgow. Big shiny black chip straw breton by Moriot at Harrods. Black patent shoes, 8½ gns. at Charles Jourdan

**DOUBLE-
BREASTED
SUIT**

(opposite page) in cinnamon bouclé wool, belted and buttoned with cinnamon leather; skirt has three fold-pleats. By Harry B. Popper, 59½ gns. at Harrods; The National Fur Company, Swansea; Enid, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Green printed wool turban by Otto Lucas at Debenham & Freebody



CUTAWAY
SUIT

with low-slung,
buttoned belt,
in sky blue
tweed,
straight-skirted.
By Matita,
19 gns. at
Dickins &
Jones.
Printed wool
turban, sky
blue and pink,
by Otto Lucas
at Fortnum
& Mason



BLAZER
SUIT
in sleek camel
and wool, with
patch pockets,
has its own
short-sleeved
jumper top.
By Maggi
Shepherd,
21½ gns. at
Harrods



CHANEL-INFLUENCED SUIT

(left) in soft olive and pink checked tweed, four curving pockets; pink silk shirt and lining. By Cojana, 28 gns. at Liberty; Elizabeth Gray, Oldham; Edith Dennett, Alderley Edge

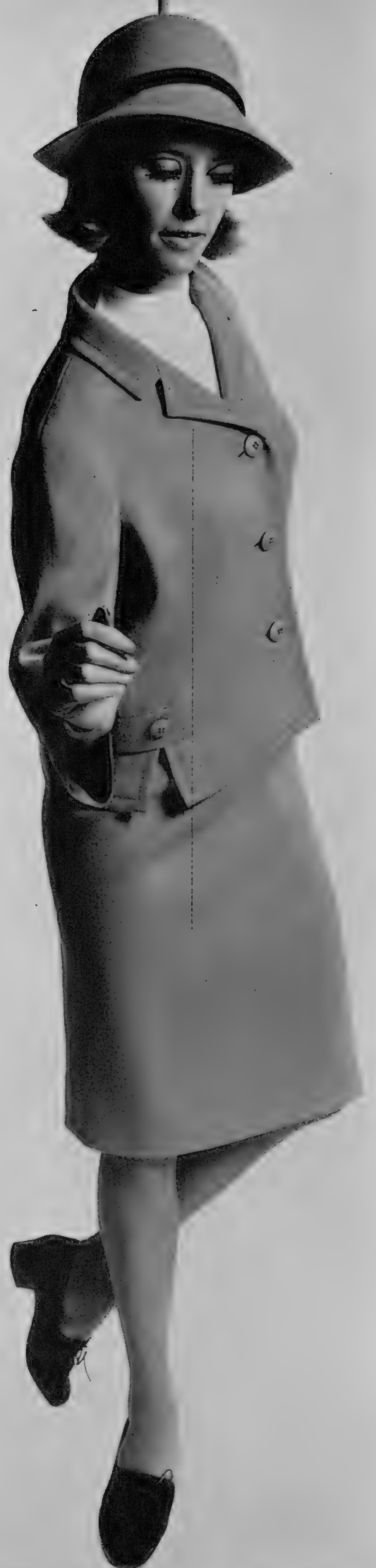
GRAPE GREEN WOOL SUIT

(right) with deep peplum, glassy green buttons, olive green silk cravat-necked blouse. By Harry B. Popper, 64½ gns. at Crest Silks, New Bond Street; Brighton and Carden, Shell pink hat with gardenia at side. Otto Luca at Debenhams & Freeton

SPECIAL TWEE SUIT

(far right) russet and beige jacket fastened at the waist with a twist crepe button matching the cream cravat. By Cobden, 19 gns. at Pen Jones; Fenwick, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Brown snakeskin shoes, 5 gns. at Elliott. Narrow Fitting Shops





EDWARDIAN
SUIT
(right) in
oatmeal tweed,
patch pockets
below the high
waistline, by
Reldan/
Digby Morton
at Peter
Robinson,
Oxford Circus;
Ordish & Hall,
Burton-on-
Trent;
Darlings,
Edinburgh.
Burnt-sugar
straw boater,
felt-rimmed,
by Moriot at
Marshall &
Snelgrove,
London and
Harrogate

CAMEL
COLOURED
SUIT
(left) in
cavalry twill,
the jacket
slashed below
mock pocket
flaps. By Koupy,
17½ gns. at
Harrods.
Caramel felt
schoolgirl
hat with
ribbon band.
By Otto Lucas
at Fortnum
& Mason

BELTED
SUIT
(far left) in
biscuit tweed,
high-yoked,
with panel-
fronted skirt.
By Jaeger,
27½ gns. at
Jaeger,
Regent Street;
Manchester;
and Brighton.
Lime straw
breton by
Moriot at
Liberty.
Sand suede
shoes, 9 gns.
at Charles
Jourdan



the gentle director

Elsbeth Grant talks to Muriel Box



JOHN TIMBERS

A brisk run through the records of feminine achievement in the film industry reveals that women directors are rare birds: there appear to be only a dozen of them in the world—and only one has more than a dozen films to her credit. She is Muriel Box. *Rattle of a Simple Man*, screen version of Charles Dyer's successful play, is her 14th film. Curious as to what makes an outstandingly successful woman director, I sped to Mill Hill to find out—rather dreading that one of the essential ingredients would be a strong personality with a wide masculine streak.

Not at all. Muriel Box is completely feminine: she is slim and of medium height, has brown hair, aquamarine eyes, a delightful smile and a soft voice. She takes obvious pleasure in her beautiful home, Mote End—a gleaming-white group of converted cottages, assembled around a low, bricked terrace with a lily-pool in the centre and great banks of roses cutting it off from the road.

She glows with modest pride over the studio she designed for her artist daughter, Leonora, the kitchen she created for her housekeeper, and the interior decoration she devised to give all the rooms a bright and airy character. She has an orchard and seven bee-

hives and a vast garden landscaped by herself and a view she cherishes.

So what is such a busy, happy, home-loving woman doing, competing with men in the notoriously tricky film industry? "I'm not competing with men," she says mildly: "I don't believe in it. I only think women should be allowed to do what they feel they can do, in any sphere: they should be given a fair chance to prove themselves. That's all I wanted." With 14 films behind her, hasn't she had it? "Yes," she says, "I have. But prejudice against women working above a certain level still exists in the film industry. Not among the technicians—I've always found the unions most co-operative—and not among the players, either. It's the people who put up the money for films who are liable to discriminate against a woman director.

"For this reason, many of the most able women in the business don't aspire to be directors. Women have become excellent film editors—but few film promoters or producers want to entrust them with the job of directing. If people would only have confidence in women, many more women could go much further in films—I think to the industry's advantage." So who had confidence in Muriel Box? Her husband,

Sydney Box, whom she met and married 30 years ago at Welwyn. She had trained as an actress with the Ben Greet Company but injured her back in an accident, abandoned thoughts of the stage, learned shorthand-typing and got herself a job as a continuity girl at Welwyn Studios.

She recalls that she and Sydney Box, who was also working there, lived at the time in two rooms in the wilds of Bloomsbury. They collaborated on scripts for British industrial films and were later engaged on "war effort" documentaries for the M.o.I. Muriel Box then gravitated to Gainsborough Studios, supervising all scripts and engaging writers.

"Sometimes I had to re-write and re-direct a tiny piece of film, to make everything fit—and I thought if I can do this, why not the whole thing?" She had to wait for an opportunity till 1949, when she directed her first film—*Happy Family*, starring Stanley Holloway. Meanwhile, in 1945, she and her husband had been awarded an Oscar for their script of *The Seventh Veil*. By 1950 her name was known, her talents appreciated, and between then and now she has directed 13 more films—including: *Street Corner*, *The Beachcomber*, *Simon and Laura*, *The Truth About Women* and, her

latest, *Rattle of a Simple Man*. How does she approach the players she is to direct? "Well, I never tell them in hard and fast terms at the beginning what I want from them", but there's a quiet firmness about her that suggests she's bound to get what she wants in the end). "I like them to read the script and tell me how they visualize the characters they're to play. Often they come up with fascinating and illuminating suggestions—they've maybe seen facets of the character that I hadn't—and then we discuss the whole thing and come to an agreement. It's up to me, of course, as director, to maintain consistency, but everybody in the cast has expressed an opinion on their own role and can interpret it, to quite an extent, in their own way."

Would some players prefer to have no say in the interpretation of their roles? Apparently only one German actress (who shall be nameless), has ever been opposed to Muriel Box's method: she was accustomed to male directors, wanted to be told what to do and had no patience with the civilized idea that an actress might be a thinking person with interesting views of her own.

Are the British Board of Censors difficult to deal with? "No," says Muriel Box, "not really—

but sometimes baffling. Charles Dyer, who wrote the play, *Rattle of a Simple Man*, also wrote the screenplay—necessarily expanding the original as we didn't want simply a theatrical production photographed. We submitted the script to the Censors and were astonished to have objections made to lines of colloquial dialogue that the Lord Chamberlain passed for the theatre without turning a hair. They were easily altered, of course, and we were most willing to meet the Censors in every way. "The script was eventually passed but we were told that if certain situations that seemed acceptable in type were not handled with the greatest tact, they might prove censorable on celluloid. We were also regretfully advised that the film would have to have an 'X' Certificate. We didn't mind at all as that left us free to make a film strictly for adults, which had been our intention anyway. But it did suggest that the Censors were a little suspicious of what we proposed to do with the material they had passed." All the same, there had been no sign of prejudice against women in the censorship, had there? "None at all, but you'd be surprised at the places where that prejudice *does* exist and how it's actually *encouraged*. Some time ago my husband wrote a script that a firm of publishers thought could be turned into a jolly good book for teenagers. As Sydney was busy, he asked me if I would do the job for him. The manuscript was submitted to the publisher under my name, and accepted. A few days later the publisher telephoned to inquire, in a rather embarrassed voice, whether I would mind if the book appeared under the name of Sydney Box, with the explanation: 'Well, you see, 'teenagers don't like women!'"

But Muriel Box needn't worry: with the publication (by Macdonald) of her second novel, *The Big Switch*, she has arrived as an author in her own right, and simultaneously delivered a swingeing blow to the arrogant males who look down on women. In her brave new world (circa 2080) all the key jobs are held by females while the males (essential only for breeding purposes) are given menial chores to keep them occupied. It's perhaps a mite unkind of Muriel Box to condemn men to doing all the cooking for this is something she personally hates. But good luck to her, despite this vengeful attitude. She's a very nice woman who has the interests of her sex at heart.

on plays

Pat Wallace / No strings, just a noose

The Vanbrugh Theatre Club is the young and healthy child of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art where plays with professional casts are now being produced. The newest one is **The Gift** by Miss Lynne Reid Banks, herself a former student of RADA, and most of its actors were also trained there. The play is directed by Mr. John Fernald, and this combination of circumstances gives the production an intimate atmosphere and a highly professional gloss.

The scene of the play is the living room of a semi-detached house that might be anywhere in England and the period is "any time, starting now." As the curtain rises Mum is getting tea ready for her husband, her two almost grown-up children and an enigmatic Gran who crouches by the fire like something out of *Giles*. Enter a lady visitor in vaguely official uniform, bearing two suitcases and explaining that she is the donor of a free gift with absolutely no strings attached. After some argument she persuades Mum to accept the invisible offering that is reverently placed on the chimney piece and immediately starts a monstrous growth that, by the end of the play, has forced the children out of the house, indirectly killed Gran and left room only for two chairs and a table under which Mum and Dad crouch to await the inevitable end.

The Gift is open to any interpretation: it is made clear that it is one of thousands accepted

—by every household in the street, for instance. It could be the Welfare State; it could be hire-purchase; it could be uniformity or regimentation in any form. Its power lies in the simple fact that nobody gets rid of it in the early stages because it was freely given and you can't give away a present, can you? So the wretched family keep it and, like their neighbours, watch as it invades their house and their lives by its encroaching influence. It is a menace, but like some fantastic aspidochelone it becomes a matter of pride and by the time its threat has become too great it is also too late to control it.

The technique of suggesting the Thing's advance across the room is admirable and so well imagined that everyone will have their own mental picture. I saw a frightful form of spirea with thick, grainy flowers and liana-like stems. Through the first stages of its advance Mum and Dad remain their normal squabbling but affectionate selves while their children react more quickly. The girl leaves home and embarks on a career of semi-religious tub thumping and the boy, who had been training to be a TV panelist, follows her to initiate his campaign of protest. Gran, who is given to enigmatic utterances and long stretches of silence, is in fact the first to take the measure of the Gift with the pronouncement that "It's too bloody big," but this is at a time when the couple still take a pride in the strange growth that will eventually,

one knows, destroy them.

These two performances by Miss Kathleen Michael and Mr. Kenneth Griffith are quite impeccable. It is so easy to caricature a kind of middle-class interior and speech but they never exaggerate or broaden their effects and they are helped by a playwright with a fine and accurate ear for dialogue, as when the mother says on hearing of the son's activities: "He's a politician!" as one who faces the ultimate horror, or the father remembering the boy's school reports recalls the opinion "He is a born leader" as the first sign of the rot that was to set in.

This is an intelligent play and one that has plenty of humour in spite of its macabre nature. Miss Reid Banks (who also wrote *The L-Shaped Room*) is a writer to be reckoned with in any terms. I felt that this play would not have suffered from cutting and condensing, but for its inventiveness and maturity of outlook I have nothing but praise.



Julie Andrews, who won over the critics with her film debut in *Mary Poppins*, plays a dramatic role in her new film, MGM's *The Americanization of Emily*



The crew of the film *Lady L* are in Montreux under the direction of Peter Ustinov. David Niven and Sophia Loren appear in this scene, shot in the dining room of the Palace Hotel

on films

Elsbeth Grant / School for scandal

Somebody once asked that formidable gossip columnist, Miss Hedda Hopper, what was her particular line. From under a cartwheel sized hat like a wreath from a gangster's funeral, Miss Hopper eyed the inquirer beadily: "Dishing the dirt, dear—just dishing the dirt," she said, making it sound an occupation she genuinely relished. Mr. Harold Robbins, the novelist, seems to be a fellow conspirator, judging from *The Carpetbaggers* and his latest "blistering best seller," *Where Love Has Gone*—of which producer Mr. Joseph E. Levine and director Mr. Edward Dmytryk have made what they doubtless consider to be a scorching film, though it's really only another old piece of glossy malarkey.

Bygone scandals, such as were hinted at in *The Carpetbaggers*, appear to spur Mr. Robbins into feverish action. Give him a juicy newspaper headline like TEENAGE GIRL MURDERS MOTHER'S LOVER and he's off at a gallop, lugging the goggle-eyed sensation seekers to a make-believe world all steamy with sex. It's not the kind of outing I'd embark upon of my own free will but as the characters Mr. Robbins introduces are quite killingly preposterous, a certain amount of quiet amusement can certainly be derived from it.

Miss Susan Hayward, hamming like mad, plays a rich, spoiled beauty with a talent for sculpting and the reputation of an alleycat. She marries a dullish war hero, Mr. Michael Connors, whose laudable ambition, after a destructive military career, is to build houses. He isn't allowed to because Miss Hayward's all-powerful Mum (Miss Bette Davis, marvellously crisp and bossy) forces him to become vice-president of some vast concern she controls. Frustration drives him to drink so Miss Hayward divorces him. She is given custody of their four-year-old daughter, and Mr. Connors leaves San Francisco and goes to New York to start life anew.

Eleven years later he's summoned back to San Francisco, frantic with anxiety for the welfare of his child, whom he has never visited in all that time. Small wonder that he's worried. The darling girl, a bosomy and far from bashful fifteen, has bumped off one of Miss Hayward's boy friends, a male model in the sculpture line, with whom she and her mother have had a most indiscreet correspondence indicating that both were crazy about and hoped to marry him.

What really rocks Mr. Connors is the news, delicately conveyed by a probation officer (Miss Jane Greer), that his

daughter is no longer a virgin. Who deflowered her? The man she stabbed to death with a chisel? The girl, Miss Joey Heatherton, won't say. "Does it matter?" she asks petulantly. Apparently it does. The authorities who have dismissed the murder charge and brought in a verdict of "justifiable homicide" are as keen as Mr. Robbins can make them to find out how Miss Heatherton mislaid her maidenhood. Curtly rejecting her knowing suggestion that "it could have happened horseback riding," they hand her over to a psychiatrist, Miss Anne Seymour, who vainly tries to get at the truth by bribing her with cigarettes.

Now the blackmailers move in to sell the compromising letters they've pinched from the dead model's apartment. Miss Hayward acquires most of them in a bold, Robbinsy way, but Mr. Connors manages to buy two, on the strength of which, at a hearing in the Juvenile Court, he accuses his ex-wife of having committed the murder herself. Sensation in court is followed by harakiri (Miss Hayward's) in the sculptress's studio. This does not alter the authorities' plan to send Miss Heatherton to a State institution but it does prevent Miss Hayward from finishing a piece of sculpture for the United Nations—a circumstance upon which that body can warmly congratulate itself.

Jacques Demy's charming *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg*, which won four major

awards last year, is billed as "a film entirely in song." It is, too. Every scrap of dialogue (including the pathetic line "*Maman, je suis enceinte*") is sung—to the soothing, if sometimes irrelevant, perpetual accompaniment of swirling and ingratiating background music, composed by Michel Legrand. The voices of the actors were dubbed by singers before the film was shot and it was then up to the actors to synchronize their lip movements: it's amazing how successfully this is done.

The story chosen for this experimental and deliberately (indeed, often self-consciously) stylized work is very simple. Boy (Nino Castelnuovo) meets girl (exquisite Catherine Deneuve). They fall in love. Boy is sent abroad on military service. Girl discovers she is pregnant. Girl's mother (delightful Anne Vernon) prudently marries her off to a rich Parisian jeweller (Marc Michel). Boy, returning from Algeria, is heartbroken at having lost her but in due course marries another (Ellen Farner).

Three years go by. On Christmas Eve, boy, now father of a small son, and girl, now mother of a little daughter, meet again by chance. They have nothing to say (or sing) to one another. Each has found a separate happiness—life has moved on, but it has a way of doing. The closing scene, admittedly sentimental, is, strangely enough, very touching and here the background music most effectively catches the emotion of the moment.



Catherine Deneuve with Anne Vernon (left) and Nino Castelnuovo (right) in scenes from *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg*, reviewed above

on books

Oliver Warner / Triangle in a tower

I find Rosemary Manning's new novel **Man on a Tower** (Cape 18s.) highly stimulating and even, in an astringent way, amusing. She is a serious writer with a light touch, and her range of interest is exceptional. Her hero, George, is a retired cartoonist who has, in his own phrase, "lost his identity." The story is concerned with the thoughts, adventures and flashbacks that follow his acquisition of a fenland water tower. His immediate neighbours are a farmer and his wife. The farmer, a genial rogue, does George down over the tower, but George scores his revenge off the wife. The flashbacks are so vivid that by the end of the book I had begun to see George in the round, and had been entertained and jolted in the process, as the author most surely intended. This is grown-up reading, and my one cavil is that Rosemary Manning is rather too drawn towards a twist ending for her stories.

The humour in **The Tin Men** by Michael Frayn (Collins 18s.) is of the laughing-out-loud variety. This is a first novel from a writer with a name as a

columnist, and it is very bright indeed. It is about the preparations made for a royal visit by members of the staff of Alamogated Television. It also reveals the things that some of their eccentrics plan to do by computer—including the writing of sex manuals! And there is a sketch of a man composing the first chapter of a novel in various odd ways that is as amusing as anything else in this delectable morsel.

Daphne du Maurier's **The Flight of the Falcon** (Gollancz 21s.) is, I think, one of her best. The scene is Italy; the theme, rediscovery by the hero Donati, a young courier in the service of Sunshine Tours, of his native Ruffano, from which he and his mother had moved during the war. The later chapters particularly are full of incident and excitement, and though the actual ending is bizarre, the author's skill is such that she makes it seem appropriate.

Barbara Luttrell's **The Prim Romantic** (Chatto & Windus 30s.) has as its subject the life of Ellis Cornelia Knight. In her heyday this lady was a striking-looking brunette (if An-

gelica Kauffman's portrait is accurate) of decided literary talent and considerable energy. As a child she was known to Dr. Johnson and his circle. She was the friend of Emma Hamilton and Nelson when they first became lovers (a fact she did not suspect at the time) and she had a difficult spell as the mentor of youthful royalty. This is a good period piece, its interest being quite as much in her associations as in the personality of Cornelia.

Welcome the Wayfarer by Nancy Phelan (Macmillan 36s.) is a book about travel in modern Turkey by an Australian who is as apt with the camera as in her descriptive prose. She is specially good on that lovely land, Anatolia. One of her photographs, captioned: "The little boys who run Turkey," brought back memories of a pastoral world where enchanting children are commonplace. The author loved the Turks, as does everyone who comes to know them well, but it is made only too clear that an ability to travel very rough *indeed* is an essential in a country which is not, in distant parts, spruced up for the tourist.

Briefly . . . Vernon Bartlett in **A Book About Elba** (Chatto & Windus 21s.) has some interesting things to say about an island that is rapidly making the grade as a holiday attraction. There is little up-to-date Elba literature and this work,

rather more of a history than a guide, gives useful background . . . **From the Silent Earth** by Joseph Alsop (Secker & Warburg 45s.) is a comparatively non-technical account of discoveries and theories that concern the Greek Bronze Age—Knossos and the Minoans. The author is an amateur, warmly commended in a preface by Sir Maurice Bowra, with enough enthusiasm for his enthralling subject to stir the most confirmed sluggard.

From a costly and handsome book to a mere pamphlet is a big jump, but in this case both are good. The pamphlet is Agnes Latham's **Sir Walter Raleigh** (Longmans for the British Council 2s. 6d.) in the "Writers and Their Work" series. The author knows the poems and prose of her illustrious subject as well as anyone living, and she makes him as vivid as he must have seemed to his own contemporaries . . . Finally, **Forest Refreshed** by Norman E. Hickin (Hutchinson 25s.) consists of the autobiographical notes of a biologist, and is sheer delight. This is not only by reason of the personal bits but because of the drawings with their entrancing captions. Have you ever heard how a mole stores worms against a rainy day, and do you know that the weasel is the commonest mammal to cross the country highway?

on records

Gerald Lascelles / Polish Lola & gipsy Django

Poland has for some years had the most active jazz expression of all the Iron Curtain countries, and it came as no great surprise to the organizers of the Richmond festival last summer that the Namysowski modern jazz quartet made a considerable impact during their visit. Their album, **Lola** (Decca), was recorded during their visit, and displays the strong infection of contemporary Western jazz through the works of Coltrane, Horace Silver, and Brubeck. But originality is the keynote of this session, with a strong injection of Polish folk music in the themes, and the development of most aspects "borrowed" from the West has been carefully studied.

Few people would dispute the fact that the greatest individual contribution to jazz ever to come from Europe was that of

gipsy guitarist Django Reinhardt. His death at 43, nearly 12 years ago, robbed jazz of one of its most original and eccentric characters, who was fortunately well represented on record.

Re-issues of his work in recent months have been numerous; **Requiem for a Jazzman** (Ember) contains eight tracks from his penultimate session in 1953, all notable for the fluidity of his solo work; **Django** (Realm) contains his earliest tracks with the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, dating from 1934, at a time when the group worked only intermittently; **The Legendary Django** (HMV) takes the Quintet to the beginning of the war, and to what I regard as Reinhardt's best period. Having opted to stay with his people in France, he was cut off from the advancing tide of jazz, and

emerged after the war to find that bop had taken hold with the public, making his music sound dated in their ears, despite its brilliant concept and performance.

A British group which is too little heard is the **Billie Sage-Ronnie Ross Quartet** (World Record Club), whose latest album contains much original thought, and boasts four of the finest jazzmen in the country. Both drummer Alan Ganley and bassist Spike Heatley show their worth on this session, while Bill displays his dual personality as pianist and vibraphonist to great effect. This is swinging jazz of the best order, well recorded and even better played, while the choice of material is on all counts impeccable.

The works of Tubby Hayes are probably heard more in the United States than in this country, since the British tenor player seems to play almost as much west of the Atlantic as he does on his local beat. **Tubbs' Tours** (Fontana) catches him at home with his big band, one of those session groups that he uses occasion-

ally to do a broadcast or to play a club date outside London. Tubbs is a swinger, and versatile too—he plays tenor, flute, vibes and tympani during this session! The writing is full of good ideas in the modern vein, and the performances are as exciting as they are faultlessly played.

Away from the conventional jazz approach, David Mack's **New Directions** (Columbia) provides food for much thought and above-average perception in listening power, without deviating far from the sounds one normally associates with jazz. Mr. Mack has adapted the Schoenberg "method" to expound his theories of serial composition, using a saxophone quartet, rhythm section, and the outstanding horn playing of Shake Keane, to produce an album in which not every piece swings, but all display the ability of the soloists to get off the ground. A less prepared background might have blurred the composer's image, but would perhaps have generated a warmer and more conducive atmosphere to the blowing of top-ranking jazz.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Eccentricity in art

The Politician, read the label on the slot machine surmounted by a vast mouth, a huge eye and a pair of rubber gloves. I put a penny in the slot, there was a noisy whirring sound and a blast of hot air hit me in the face. I moved on, and nearly fell over a torpedo full of baby dolls, "It's Hom. Sap. Disposal Unit—getting kinda squashy round here" said the label on that one. Nearby more dolls sucked milk through plastic tubes attached to a "mother machine" while a figure made of artificial limbs grinned inanely and kicked a leg up and down to justify the title, *Boy, Oh Boy, am I living!*

Elsewhere an electrically agitated scalpel plunged rhythmically into a human brain made of plaster (*The Human Brain*); five sets of teeth painted on a pianola motor chattered gibberish in sequence (*The People are Talking*); a hand reached out of the drawer of a cupboard and caught the toe of a foot emerging from another drawer (*Eenee Meene Minee Mo*); in one corner of the room a workman in a donkey jacket was tickling the mechanism of a musical-box with a screwdriver while a little boy trotted round and round his legs chant-

ing, "Daddy is a nut case! Daddy is a nut case!"

I was at the Marlborough New London Gallery, in Bond Street. The workman in the donkey jacket was Bruce Lacey, eccentric artist, eccentric inventor and eccentric actor (a star of *An Evening of British Rubbish*, at the Comedy Theatre in 1963). The apparently disrespectful child was apparently his son. The nightmare around them was Lacey's latest output of "automata and humanoids."

Mr. Lacey's art (there must be another word for it, if only I could think of it) has come a long way since his last one-man show, at Gallery One in 1963. The rough and rudimentary things he made then have now become much more complex and costly (artificial limbs, surgical instruments, electric motors, petrol jettison tanks and many of the other things he uses are not cheap). And the ideas behind his creations are more complex, too. Whereas the earlier works were surrealism and the elementary order of Lautréamont's "chance meeting of an umbrella and a sewing machine on a dissecting table," the new ones are often as anecdotal, even as senti-

mental, as Victorian paintings.

Take *The Institution*, for example, Here is a figure of an "old man"—his torso is a revolving postcard rack, complete with souvenir postcards—sitting in a commodore-chair inside a crate fitted with a gas-ring and a medicine-chest. In spite of its absurdity it struck me as sad, even tragic, and it came as no great surprise when Lacey explained that the idea came to him when, visiting a patient in an institution, he perceived that for all the life she had she might as well have been in her coffin.

At worst (and that usually means the most elaborate things) these "humanoids" are no more than amusing pieces of goonery. At best they are "emotivators" of a dramatic and direct kind, heaps of machine-made junk that by some mysterious process (for which there is no other word than "art") have been invested with a kind of life that echoes our own.

Disappointing but well worth seeing is my verdict on the exhibition *Indian Painting Now*, at the Commonwealth Institute until 7 February. Disappointing because the show is not, as one might expect, designed to show the state of painting in India today—all but two of the six artists represented live in and are well known in the West. Well worth seeing because it shows those

intensely individual London-Indians, Avinash Chandra and F. N. Souza, to greater advantage than ever before and reveals Mohan Samant to be of comparable stature. It is also to be commended for the way in which it has been laid out. Never before has the extremely adaptable C.I. gallery been better employed to create a pleasing environment for the visitor.



Peter Lloyd-Jones has a one-man show of paintings at the New Art Centre in Sloane Street. It opens on 9 February and continues till 6 March

DINING IN

Helen Burke / Open mind

Beef, the most popular choice for the weekend joint as well as for other days, is so expensive that many people are being forced to re-think their home catering. The wartime exhortation to avoid a closed mind applies again—that is, because favourites are in short supply don't ignore the other things available. Today's variety helps; the price of pork drops slightly, bacon is cheaper, Australian lamb is better than many believe and chicken is inexpensive.

Young birds are plentiful and it is usually possible to order a boiler, not really old birds but mature and full-flavoured. Boiling them then baking golden may be good, but try browning then braising on a bed of vegetables.

Salt, pepper the inside, butter the outside and cook for 10

minutes in a very hot oven (475 F. gas mark 9) until golden all over. Meanwhile sauté a sliced onion and diced carrot in chicken fat, season, add a bouquet garni, transfer to a casserole, put the fowl breast down on the vegetables, add some giblet stock, cover, braise slowly for two hours at 325–350 F (gas mark 3–4)—a really old bird needs at least 2½ hours. Two teaspoons of sherry added inside at first enhances the flavour.

Buy extra giblets with the chicken for enough livers to make that delicious Jewish dish MINCED CHICKEN LIVER. Trim the tissue, remove greenish-yellow marks, wash and dry the livers. Hard-boil an egg. Melt a sliced onion in some chicken fat until translucent and remove. Cook livers for 10 minutes in the fat, cool, and

with the onion and egg pass through a fine mincer, or chop finely. Add a tablespoon of cold melted chicken fat and blend. Add more fat if the mixture breaks up. Serve on a shallow dish, decorating the surface with a fork. Or serve on lettuce with a tomato garnish.

Just a green salad and no potatoes are needed with RICE-STUFFED POUSSINS, allowing half a bird for each person. For the stuffing (made first) simmer a finely chopped onion in an ounce of butter, adding 2 to 3 chopped unpeeled mushrooms plus stems, sliced livers, and 2 chopped, skinned tomatoes. Fry gently until just cooked, season with salt, pepper, Cayenne, a pinch of thyme and a little grated lemon peel. Set aside.

Melt a second ounce of butter in a non-stick pan and in it gently cook a good teacup of long-grained Italian rice until opaque. Add ½ pint each of dry white wine and hot giblet stock and continue cooking. Add more stock and by the time a pint of liquid has been absorbed the rice should be ready.

Add it to the first mixture and cool.

These quantities are for three birds: divide the filling between them, packing loosely. Rub the bird with softened butter and bake for 30–35 minutes at 400 F. (gas mark 6) on a rack in a baking tin in which is a sliced carrot, onion and some giblet stock. Remove.

Now add ½ pint giblet stock and a dessertspoon of soy sauce rubbing round to incorporate the residue and boil for 1 or 2 minutes. Thicken the gravy with a teaspoon of arrowroot blended with a dessertspoon of water, boil again and strain into the serving boat.

Meanwhile, toast or fry six slices of crustless bread and put them in a heated dish, place a piece of chicken (cut through the fowls with poultry shears) on each and garnish with watercress.

Stuffing flavour can be varied by replacing tomatoes with a chopped canned sweet red pepper, or a clove of crushed garlic can be cooked in the butter for half-a-minute then discarded.

ANTHONY RAWLINSON



FACE-SAVING WIGS

Story of a girl who ate her cake and had it; who wanted an up-to-the-minute short hairdo but also wanted to keep her shoulder-length hair. How did she do it? Harold Leighton of Hampstead Village made her this wig

GOOD LOOKS by Evelyn Forbes

Next to having an alternative face tucked away in a box in the wardrobe, I don't know a better morale-saver than a wig. It is the answer to that surprise party which invariably comes the day before your date with your hairdresser; to the home shampoo and set that was frankly a failure; and to all those innumerable occasions when the well-groomed head you for some reason lack, is a necessity.

The wig is now part of a beauty's normal equipment. For instance, before Miss World, England's Anne Sydney, set out on her travels, she had René cut off her long hair and make her a waist-length wig to wear with her swim suits, a shoulder-length wig and a chignon.

It isn't always necessary to have a full wig though these are certainly the

easiest to wear. There is the three-quarter head wig, the half-head wig and a huge variety of hair pieces—the wiglet, the toupette, the top-knot, cascade, chignonette and so on. Any one of these will give height and interest to a simple style and a formal look to a casual cut.

Wigs are expensive but they are a fashion and beauty investment. Their life is long and they can be re-styled and even rinsed a slightly different shade. Wigs made of natural colour European hair are the most expensive because the hair is easier to handle than the cheaper Asian hair which, having been bleached and then dyed, is not so pliable nor so glossy. Here, to give you an idea of cost, are some approximate prices charged for best quality hair by a few of the many good hairdressers who specialize in wigs. For a full head wig Xavier charges from 70 guineas, for a wiglet three-quarter-head from

52 guineas. Rose Evansky charges from 40 guineas for a half-head wig. Richard Henry charges from 18-22 guineas for a toupette (11 inch hair on a handmade cage base with Alice band). Robert Fielding charges from 18 guineas for a top piece or cage. French of London makes enchanting fringes from 8-10 guineas. Most hairdressers who specialize in wigs give a mail order service but Arthur of Baker Street is the only one to produce an illustrated guide to the choice of wigs and hair pieces. This, called *Hairtistry*, can be obtained from Arthur, 7-9, Baker Street, London, W.1.

Beauty flash

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Write for the Annual Report

Dudley Noble / The speed merchant's dream

MOTORING

Motor racing is a sure-fire attraction: one of the sports in which the British are pretty well the tops. Sad then that Brooklands, nursery of the country's older speed fans, is no more, but the many and various circuits that have opened up throughout the land attract a steady quota of enthusiasts. Little wonder, too, that a thriving business has grown around their desire to get a few more knots out of the family car: or that the cult of speed now rates a motor show of its own, which after five years' existence has been granted recognition by the motor manufacturers' trade union, to the end that its members are not excommunicated if they exhibit their sporty wares at it.

This means that the Racing Car Show is now in full swing at the West Hall, Olympia, till next Saturday (30 January), instead of being tucked away unobtrusively at the Horticultural Hall in Westminster. It was opened by a man whose name ranks high in motor racing circles, even though he is on the retired list—Alfred Neubauer, once the formidable manager of the Mercedes-Benz team which, in its heyday, was invincible. At Olympia, 77 stands cover every conceivable aspect of the sporting motorist's dreams and desires: cars that look the part and clothes to go with them; accessories that may make any old car go faster, or at least make it look as if it *could* go faster.

Alexander Engineering was one of the pioneers in the hotting-up game, the efficiency-improver technique of getting gas into the engine faster; the title coined for its kits of parts for do-it-yourself enthusiasts is the revealing one of "Alex-press." Sydney Allard is also prominent at the show; he is one of the very few British entrants ever to win the Monte Carlo Rally. Nowadays he specializes in Ford, offering superchargers for the smaller models and much modified Anglias which he calls Allardettes. Another of his latest lines is an American-type dragster, but using a Cortina engine instead of a big V-8. Cooper has been a name to conjure with on the race tracks and, though it has not been so prominent of late, we should not forget that it

pioneered the present style of racing car and may yet have a technical trick or two up its sleeve. Its first Formula 1 job to suit the 1965 regulations is on view, and looks a purposeful affair. Elva is likewise a marque that the connoisseurs eye with special interest, and the sports-racing car developed by Bruce McLaren has an American V-8 engine and will be challenging the might of Italy and the U.S. on the circuits this coming season.

Another challenger from Elva is the BMW-powered 2-litre Mini VIII—both models have the engine mounted behind the driver in the current fashion. Hillman may win glory with the 100 m.p.h. version of the Imp that Paul Emery is showing. He has lowered its roofline, pepped up the engine and calls it the Emery GTI. Mini owners who see greater urge from their engine may find a useful clue on the Downton stand, while from Felday next door they will see a 5-speed gearbox developed by Alf Francis (who used to be Stirling Moss's mechanic) with Valerio Colotti, the Italian transmission expert.

Derrington, another of the well known "speed shops" makes a speciality of racing car exhaust systems to 1.6 litre bread-and-butter cars, and in let manifolds to suit the Italian Weber carburettor. The only car made in Wales, the Gilbert is seen as a 4-seater glass fibre-bodied sports saloon with a chassis made up of a multiplicity of small tubes and a 1.8 litre M.G. engine. Another small-production make is the Ginetta, specially suitable for club racing events. Lola has just completed an exciting new projectile claimed to exceed 200 m.p.h.—one might easily overlook it on the stand because it is only 31 inches high.

Lotus, too, are well in the high-speed game, and their products, like many others at this show, can be bought in kit form and thus cock a snook at the gatherer of purchase tax.

I cannot hope, in the scope of this short article, to cover all the many and various firms who cater for the vast throng of seekers after sportiness in cars—go to Olympia, I say, and see for yourself.

MAN'S WORLD

I suppose Henry Ford's most memorable remark was that his customers could have a car of any colour they liked, provided it was black. Very sensible, too; nothing, to my mind, is as handsome as a car with black coachwork and black upholstery and trim. This feeling isn't apparently shared by many manufacturers: you can have a car with black coachwork and red or green upholstery, or a red or green car with black upholstery, but an all-black car is regarded as something special and difficult to produce, and you pay extra.

Just as I like all-black cars, I like all-black clothes. I also like very dark navy or brown, but for this column I'd like to consider the advantages of sticking to black for everything—at least for town wear. I'd better say at this point that I don't mean black for *absolutely* everything; a black shirt, handkerchief and underwear would carry the whole thing too far, giving the effect of one of those characters in horror films about Doctor Death. If one wears any sort of dark suit, the resultant severity is going to need some sort of relief; a coloured tie, or shirt, or breast-pocket handkerchief, but probably not all three at once.

Let's take a black suit to start with, or at least a really dark grey. I have in mind an all wool suit made of Vatican cloth by John Michael, very light, very fragile looking, but very warm and surprisingly hard wearing. I bought one made of this cloth about three years ago, and I've found it to be one of my better buys. Very cool on a summer day or in the warm south of Italy, and not unpleasantly cool even in a London winter, if one wears an overcoat and lives in adequately heated rooms.

This suit is made to wear with a belt, and the same firm has just the right sort: black leather with a rugged gilt buckle of the sort associated with Edwardian luggage, for five guineas. The shirt offers more latitude—it could be white, or pale blue, or white with a very fine black stripe. Pick a pale coloured shirt and an economical return to black for the tie is possible; but the point of the all-black dress isn't wholly for economic reasons, and it would be desirable to have a whole variety of black ties, the only difference

in them being of material and texture—silks, wools, poplins, even suedes or leathers. But all black.

A further source of economy is in the choice of socks; many men are finding that they need only black socks, since these can be worn with just about everything except cricket flannels. So black socks, but long rather than short, and as light and comfortable as possible. I like the featherweight ones from Turnbull & Asser, made of a mixture of cashmere, merino wool and nylon; 28s. 6d. a pair. Or silk ones.

It's hard to imagine any man having gone so far and then choosing brown boots; black ones won't be difficult to find. Russell & Bromley in Bond Street have some very handsome styles in stock just now, especially in the elastic-sided range, or pleasant classic styles with two lace-holes. They also have tall boots, rather in the style of naval sea-boots, which are extremely practical and comfortable in a London winter and are not obtrusive under trousers. Gloves can be black, too, black capeskin. The White House, also in Bond Street, have these, French-made and lined in silk.

In the accessories field, black is triumphant, due largely to the fact that anything in black leather looks very masculine and handsome, and the more so if it's discreetly trimmed with gilt or gold. A black crocodile notecase or cigarette case, for example, is a most enviable possession, the slimmer the better. Gunmetal lighters are for those with double-0 numbers, but du Pont make a very good-looking black lacquered gas lighter. Umbrellas are conventionally black, but can also be had with black leather-covered handles, trimmed with a gilt band or set with a gilt pencil. And since the all-black look is highly acceptable for business occasions, let's throw in a really slim black leather briefcase, lined in pale brown suede; £32 10s. from Debenhams & Freebody.

Top the lot with a black overcoat, possibly velvet colored, and that's the all-black wardrobe. Oh, and a bowler. If any man offers his condolences to me, or suggests that a crêpe-banded top hat would be more suitably funereal, well, I might just wonder if the tie shouldn't be a slightly brighter colour than black...

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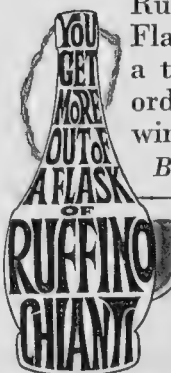


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Albert Adair / A desk for a king

ANTIQUES

Surely this is fit for a king, I thought when first I saw this superb desk that is in the possession of Glaisher & Nash of Cadogan Place, London, S.W.1, but little did I realize how correct I was.

The desk is to a design of Thomas Sheraton, a man who died in poor circumstances but whose work, particularly in the field of cabinet designs, was destined to achieve great renown. Certainly the elegant designs which appeared in his various publications had much influence upon styles at the end of the 18th century. It is believed that the magnificent pedestal desk was originally made for the Earl of Hardwicke to drawings published in 1803 in *The Cabinet Dictionary*, but

all dummy and so, despite its size, it may be assumed that the desk was never intended as a partners' desk but rather to be free standing. A noteworthy feature is the reeding of the wires in the grilles.

In 1939 a pedestal desk, also to Sheraton's design but with no gallery, was acquired for the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle, one that the late King George VI greatly liked and personally used at Royal Lodge. Both the Queen's desk and the one depicted are illustrated in authoritative works on English furniture, the Queen's in the revised edition of Oliver Brackett's *English Furniture Illustrated*, and the one shown here in Ralph Edwards' *Dictionary of English Furniture* Vol. III,



though these show a very similar gallery (Sheraton's drawing incorporates candle holders) on a dumb-bell-shaped pedestal desk they do not include panelled doors to enclose the drawers.

The cabinet-maker had to translate Sheraton's design which demanded that the piece be 7 ft. 6 in. in length and constructed in three parts with finely figured mahogany veneer and satinwood inlay. How ably the work was executed is more than evident in this piece which is entirely original with the exception of the leathering and the material lining the panelled doors. As might be expected there are doors and drawers on the reverse side but these are

page 259. It is refreshing to know that this rare desk, which had been bought by a French interior decorator and taken to France two or three years ago, is now back in this country, where one hopes it will remain.

Silver by Gerald Taylor (Cassell, 30s.) is a thoroughly revised edition originally published by Penguin Books in 1956. Mr. Taylor, who is Assistant Keeper of Fine Art at the Ashmolean Museum, provides a very interesting study of English plate. The book contains 64 pages of photographs, many drawings and abbreviated tables of hallmarks. The "Selected Bibliography" will greatly help students.

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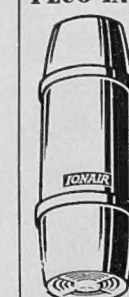
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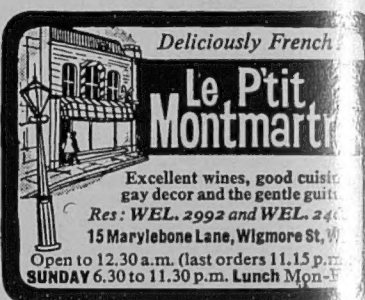
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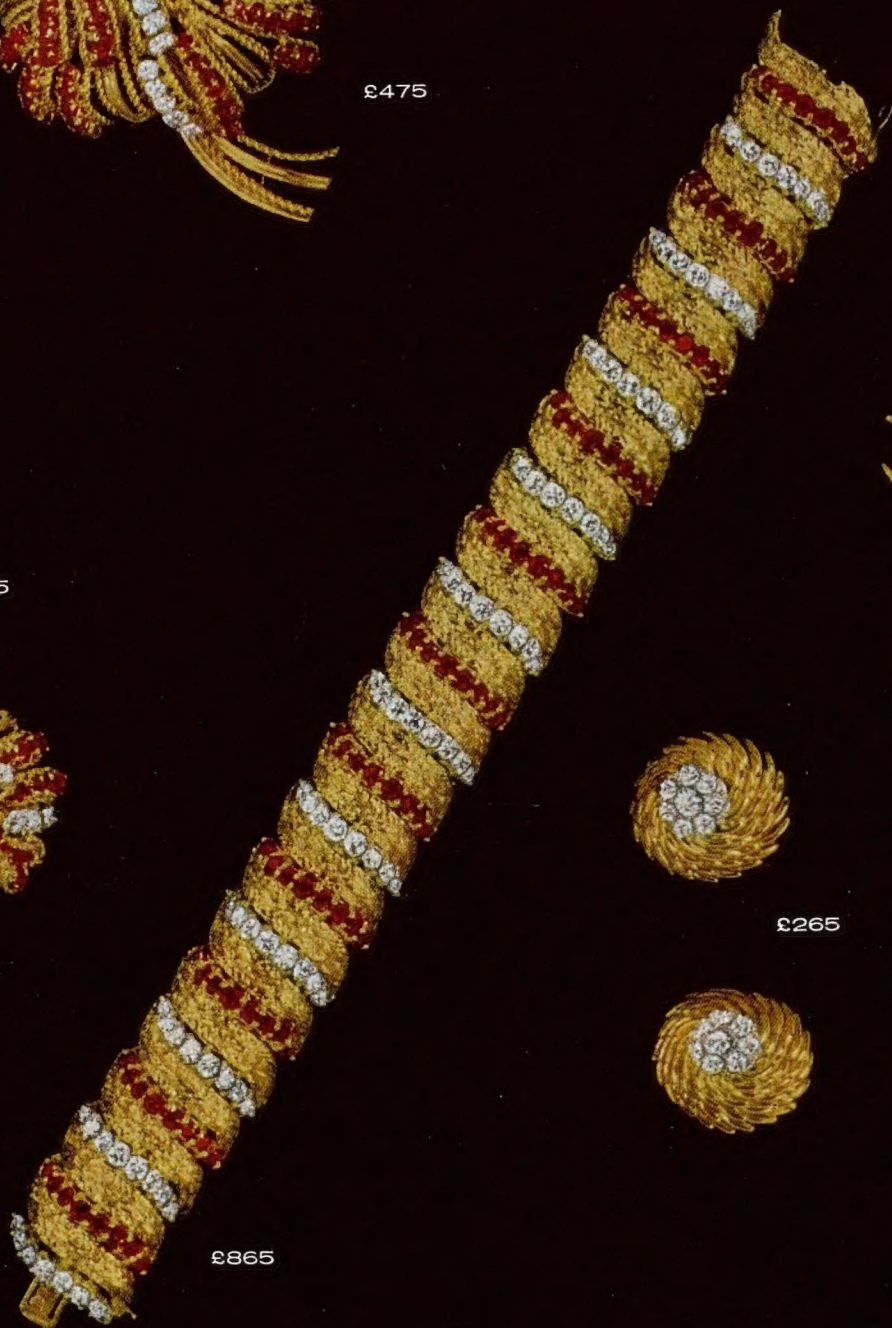
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